

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly About People

An Illustrated American Monthly



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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People

JULY, 1924



Articles of Timely Interest

The Presidential Candidates	Frontispiece	Face to Face with Celebrities	23
Affairs at Washington	3	Ellen Fitz Pendleton, the President of Wellesley College	
JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE		Mary Pickford, the World's Moving Picture Favorite	
Washington has settled down to view the quadrennial campaign		Hudson Maxim, the inventor of smokeless powder	
The President receives birthday greetings from 20,000 friends in Massachusetts		Charles M. Schwab, the world's greatest salesman	
It has been a Convention joy month		Elihu Root, the master legal mind of America	
Brilliant political gathering of women during the Republican convention		Jane Addams who merited the title of world citizen	
The Democratic Convention deadlock suggests a mind-reading camera		Harry Houdini, the man of magic	
Congressmen Burton and Mondell give Congress a drubbing at Cleveland		William Edgar Borah, the Cicero of the Senate	
The death of the President's younger son stirs a nation-wide wave of sympathy		Owen D. Young, level-headed member of the American Reparations Commission	
Colonel George Harvey waxes philosophical		Curtis Wilbur, the lately appointed Secretary of the Navy	
Lieutenant Maughan accomplishes the "dawn to dusk" flight across the continent		George Eastman the man who makes the films for the movies	
History repeats itself with the same old sectional issues		Sir Esme Howard, the recently appointed British Ambassador at Washington	
At the Republican National Convention	2	Homely—but Humorous	29
An unconstitutional view through the eye of an editor		Irvin Cobb, one of the best known, best loved short story writers in America	
The Democratic Convention in the Garden	17	Nestor of American Magazine Editors	30
An Editor's view of the long-fought battle at Madison Square		Samuel S. McClure, pioneer of the newspaper syndicate and the popular priced magazine	
A Great Memorial to Love	17	Mary Had a Little Lamb	31
Lord Leverhulme builds art gallery as a tribute to the memory of his wife		Swift and Company's Year Book tells the story in a new way	
Alaska's First Native Novelist	21	The Human Element in Banking	33
RALPH PARKER ANDERSON		W. C. JENKINS	
Young woman writer gives world the story of that vast land		How the President of a Chicago bank built up a valuable clientele	
The Westminster of America		Building a Banking Business	35
KATHLEEN TEMPLETON		F. R. Schaaf's wise foresight brings his bank to the front	
How the dream of Joseph Nourse came to be fulfilled		Tickling The Nation—Humor	37
		Brief moments with the College wits	
		Sweden—Land of the Old and New	43
		Victor Oscar Freeburg writes of a picturesque, beautiful, historic country	

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CALVIN COOLIDGE



CHARLES G. DAWES



Photo by C. Gardner Smith

JOHN W. DAVIS

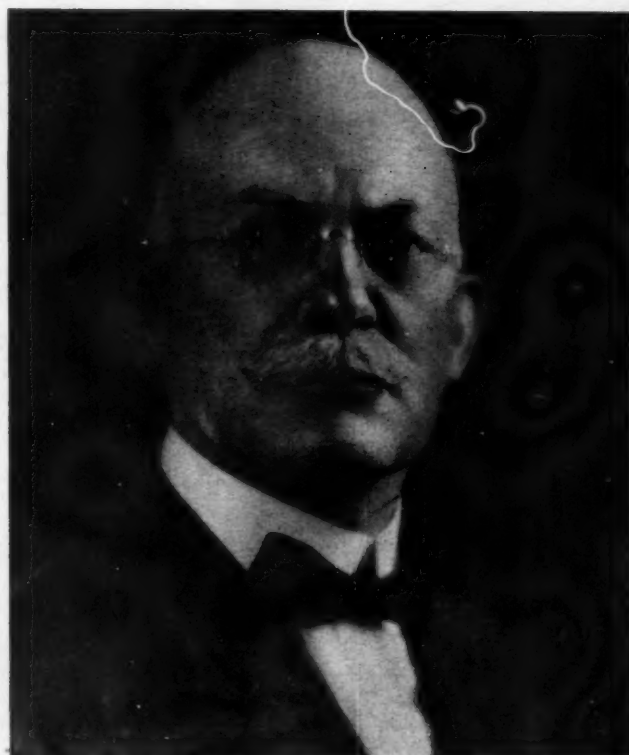


Photo by C. Gardner Smith

CHARLES W. BRYAN

The two teams of running mates in the impending political handicap



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



NOW that the national political conventions have all done their worst, Washington has settled down on the side lines to view the quadrennial Presidential campaign with the complacency of "unofficial observers." With the exception of the President, only a few men of eminence remained in Washington while the Convention epidemic was going on. The well-matured and best-laid plans of politicians go awry amid plots and counter plots to get delegate votes, and yet the dark horses get the oats.

The Presidential campaign of 1924 does not promise to be an eruptive upheaval as far as Washington is concerned. Calvin Coolidge is a calm, quiet man. He keeps right on plugging away as if he had a real job and does not seem concerned that the people may misunderstand what he is thinking or saying, for he is a profound and good listener—and has a radio set.

While the Democratic Convention was in session at Madison Square Garden there was a good listener at the White House or thereabouts. He must have smiled audibly as he early heard of the gathering squalls which resulted in the stormiest, most disruptive national political convention held since the Douglas and Breckenridge breach in 1860.

It always seems to come in cycles. The Democratic party are having their Bull Moose time of it. Many of the delegates in New York just simply left for home saying:

"To hell with it all. Let's go home and vote for Coolidge and be done with all this trouble."

At the same time Coolidge does nothing to add fuel to the flame, but just complacently thinks and sits and sits and thinks on the even tenor of his way.

"There was some virtue in having an early Convention this year," said a disconsolate Democratic leader. "It got the troubles out of the way before the approach of dog days."



ON his birthday, July 4, the natal day of the nation, Calvin Coolidge and his wife received the birthday greetings signed by twenty thousand loving friends in Massachusetts. It was delivered in person to the President by a young Western Union messenger No. 1, Louis Demontreux from Boston.

The outside leaf of the card revealed a colored engraving of the President sitting down at a birthday cake covered with fifty-two lighted candles and the greeting read: "Hope you have a Grand Old Party." The envelope was nearly two feet wide and three feet long and was sealed with a gold outline map of Massachusetts. The young messenger wore a tag: "I am delivering a Birthday Greeting to President Coolidge," and no one stopped him as he galloped up the steps of the Executive Office.



Wide World Photos

The President's Birthday Card

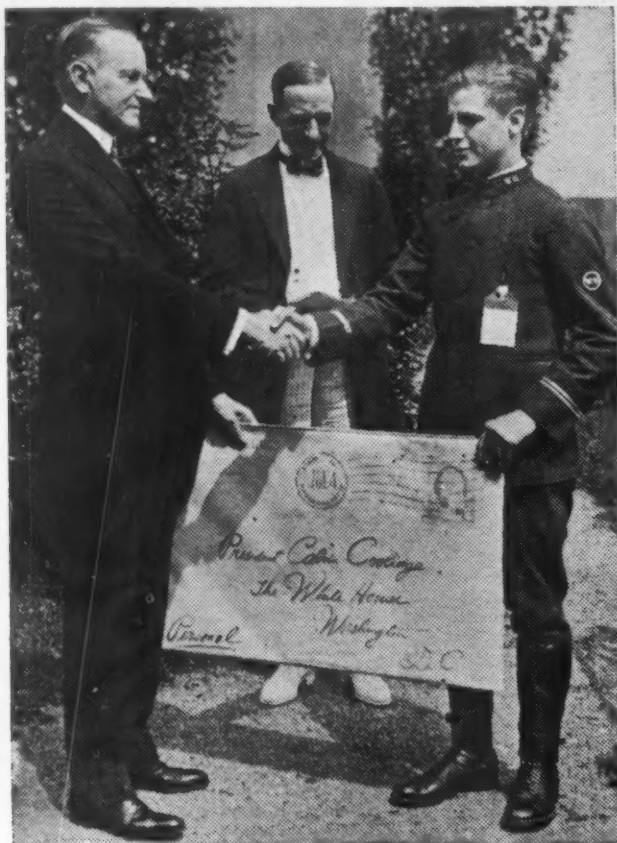
After delivering the message to "Garcia," with a personal letter from Lieutenant-Governor Fuller, he was shown the sights of Washington and insists he liked the sensation of calling on the President.

The list of signatures was headed by Governor Channing Cox, Lieutenant-Governor Alvan T. Fuller and Frank G. Allen, President of the Massachusetts Senate. It carried the postmark, clear and distinct, "The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, July 4."

This unique idea was originated by Mr. E. D. Chase and was printed and prepared by the Rust Craft Publication. They are to be congratulated on the consummation of the happy thought, which was an original method of expressing the love and confidence of fellow-citizens who, under the leadership of Calvin Coolidge, asserted and still maintain their "Faith in Massachusetts"—and faith in the nation. Birthday anniversaries are somehow an expressive optimism of the future, for they carry the hope of "many happy returns of the day."



ALTOGETHER it has been a Convention joy month. There seemed to be nothing to do but just have a merry time and talk things over and assume some responsibility for a rumor. The lobbyites and galleryites certainly held sway. There was very little of display in badges, fuss and ribbons.



Wide World Photos

Western Union Messenger delivering President Coolidge's gigantic Birthday Card

No one was looking for a great historical moment to pass. On the second floor in the Hollenden at Cleveland during the Republican Convention Warren S. Stone, Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, was entertaining a number of friends at breakfast. The triennial convention had just concluded. Chief Stone's announcement concerning one Robert M. LaFollette disturbed the politicians, but on this occasion he had nothing to say. He is a large man with gray hair and gray mustache, and the leader of the most successful labor organization in the world.

"You know only seventeen firemen out of every hundred become an engineer, and only six out of every hundred become a passenger engineer, so that locomotive engineers represent a severe process of elimination. They are naturally conservative, because every hour on duty they are responsible for human lives and know how to measure every minute and second of the hour as it passes in making the schedule."



IN the Rose Room of the Hotel Cleveland during the Republican Convention there was a scene of a brilliant political social gathering of women. They had songs and in the receiving line was Miss Betsy Edwards, Mrs. William M. Butler, Mrs. James W. Good, and Mrs. Carrie Thompson. There were flowers and flags and the singers were singing the duet from "Il Trovatore" with an operatic gurgle, but that didn't stop the flow of conversation. It was an indication that the women have acquired the art of mixing without the old-time process of mixed drinks and poker and other processes of acquaintance, considered so necessary in the old-time convention. In the receiving line Mrs. Butler impressed all visitors as a woman of commanding presence. Tall and handsomely attired, she had the real heartiness of a hostess. People now

begin to understand one of the reasons for William M. Butler's success as a manager and director of affairs. The genius of this age is not confined to individuals. One cynical magazine editor insisted there never was a woman genius—a Shakespeare, Rubens, Rembrandt, Edison, or one with a real creative mind. This was a stunner, and then one little lady with a pink bow in her hair replied, "Woman is the real genius of this age collectively—she can put honors on or off as an evening cloak and is always distinctively individual, whether in hat, gown, or shoes, but when it comes to working together and obtaining definite results, woman is the real genius." She said it so rapidly that we could scarce understand it and then disappeared, but it made the magazine editor think over his challenge.

Rooms were reserved at the Statler Hotel for Mrs. Warren G. Harding. What memories this convention time must have awakened as compared with the stirring days of 1920. Her lifetime has been spent in contact with political activities.

After attending ten conventions, six men gathered in Washington and voted unanimously that Cleveland had exhibited a more hospitable spirit than any city that had ever been honored with a national convention. The change of cities has marked a change in methods. It has done away with a lot of camouflage of the old times; has caught the spirit of these X-ray times in getting down to brass tacks, and, paradoxical as it may seem, this practical turn of affairs has come with the advent and attendance of women in political life. They insist upon cleaning the spots of the vest of "brother" delegates, and have the men carry clean handkerchiefs and wear clean collars, not waddling in with a left-over souse. Some sort of a house-cleaning has occurred somewhere, sometime, in the political stables in A. D. 1924.



AT the Democratic Convention a long prolonged deadlock suggested to me the idea of a mind-reading camera, and why not? The suggestion was not frowned upon by Lee de Forrest, the inventor of the audion which made radio possible, and Houdini, the magician, who insisted it was more plausible than Sir Conan Doyle's photographs of spirits.

Telepathy is more or less of a science, says Thomas Edison. The mind of the masses is naturally developing keener perceptive faculties in radio days. It would not be any more marvelous or miraculous than the use of radio today, scattering the very whispers on convention platforms and the gurgle of drinking a glass of water, far and wide, instantaneously, at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, or ten times around the world, while you snap your finger. Bulletin boards have been supplanted by broadcasting and you have to remember what you hear. It is a contest of eyes in motion pictures and ears around loud speakers. Mind reading might help out Congress when they are baffled as to the mind of their constituency and not depend on a few scattering telegrams and letters that oft times are misleading as to the real thought of the people. A mind-reading camera might have broken the deadlock at Madison Square Garden. As one cynic remarked: "Do not think they would need it long, because it did not seem as if anyone had a mind there when the frenzy of the Convention was under way."



TWO speakers gave Congress a drubbing at Cleveland. Messrs. Burton and Mondell have offered their criticisms with sadness and regret as members of the august body. Chairman Mondell inserted the qualification that leaders can do nothing without followers, and Congressman Sam Winslow, of portly form, interpolated the remark that Congress was like the Mexican army, all Generals, Colonels, Majors, and not a damned private in sight. It is well that Congress has ad-

journed and cannot retaliate with a "bloc" or two in return. President Coolidge turned a deaf ear to the call for an extra session. It looks as if the Republican party was asking for a recall of Congress, or as one accomplished parliamentarian of the Diplomatic Corps in Washington put it, with an accent, "Congress has been prorogued"—whatever that means.



IN the bloom of young manhood, on the threshold of a promising career, Calvin Coolidge, Jr., son and namesake of the President of the United States, was suddenly taken from the hearthstone at the White House. To the grief-stricken parents and brother, the hearts of the American people go out in deepest sympathy, for there is a bond of sympathy that extends from the White House to every home in the land, where young sons and daughters are the pride and hope of the nation.

From a broken blister on his heel after a rigorous day on the tennis field, septic poison set in. The young lad made a valiant fight. Those scenes at the White House and the bedside of the dying lad at the hospital during those dark hours touch deep the chords of common sympathy. With Christian fortitude the President and his beloved wife met this greatest blow of their life. What, after all, are the honors and the distinction of the White House compared to the love of that son? Many millions longed to send a word that might offer some consolation.



THE ignorance of the East concerning the thought of the West and vice versa is revealed at conventions. The large majority for Harding seems to make eastern Republicans forget that vital issues have developed in four years. Rock-ribbed Republican states are in the doubtful column and the farmer dissatisfaction has put these states in this column. LaFollette better than any man knows what the farmers are thinking about down to the taproots and knows how to utilize that knowledge. As one level-headed delegate from the West expressed it, the farmer doesn't want any more credit, he wants a higher and more equitable price for his products that will enable him to help himself. On the street corners of many a small city and town in these states are hundreds of speakers or agitators who appeal to the farmers in these words: "I was driving out through Minneapolis the other day and saw thousands of beautiful mansions with garages far better than the homes of the farmer, and when I realized that these houses were built by the wheat manipulators of Minneapolis, my heart bled for the farmer." It's the old story of the have's and the have-not's. One farmer had received \$62,000 for his wheat crops in 1918 and is broke today, and the banks had to carry him. Naturally the farmer is concerned as to the cause.



ONE Sphinx has spoken. Secretary Mellon has said, "The country is getting on its feet."

Following the ovation given him by the Convention at Cleveland, Secretary Mellon maintained his usual reticence. His answer to the audience was the same as to the newspaper men—"Nothing to say." Climbing over the railing nimbly for a fat man, I appealed to James Francis Burke, of the Steering Committee, for a word or two with Mellon. "What did you think of your ovation?"

"I feel that the personal compliment conveyed was a secondary matter, but I did regard it as gratifying evidence of the fact that the ideas we are struggling for are sound, and that the nation is standing solidly on its feet and thinking rationally."

Then there came a full stop. But "them few words" seemed a significant statement for the Secretary of the Treasury to



Underwood & Underwood

The death of Calvin Coolidge, Jr., younger son of the President, stirred a wave of sympathy and sorrow that was nation wide

make. If your own banker said you were "getting on your feet," you would feel that you could take care of some of the notes coming due and buy a radio set.

Standing on the platform, he pointed to his throat significantly and his report was read for him by another of strong voice as he blinked and twirled his gray mustache under the gaze of twelve thousand people, wondering how long he would have to continue standing on his feet, with the audience expecting a speech. Everybody in Cleveland was then suffering from the epidemic of Convention "feetitus."



A STATEMENT was given by Colonel George Harvey, former Ambassador to England, to Miss Maude Younger, Congressional chairman of the National Woman's Party, at Cleveland under the spell of the energetic lobbyists in the lobby:

"Originally, you know, your sex had the upper hand, and they kept it for nobody knows how long. Men simply went out and bagged the game, they brought it back and turned it over to the women. The latter bossed the cave, and collectively, the community. Somehow or other the males—maybe on some historic hunting party where they were far enough off to be completely out of earshot of their wives—got to talking the matter over and they discovered they were physically the stronger of the two sexes. That settled matters; they marched back and, instead of creeping into their caves, they walked straight up to their women and took them by the hair, and from that time on the men ruled the roost.

"But there have been occasional variations and deviations from this rule; sometimes the women gained a temporary



Official photograph, U. S. Army Air Service, Photographic Section

Lieutenant Russell L. Maughan, speed king of the air, recently accomplished his long-dreamed-of "dawn to dusk" flight across the continent, thus doing what no man has ever before done—looked upon the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans within the limits of a single day

Robert M. LaFollette has organized a third party Presidential campaign to gather in the disaffected elements of all parties

superiority, and then again the pendulum would swing back into a male despotism that was worse than ever. Now what we need is to make a non-convertible precipitate out of this unstable compound, and have full, free and absolute equality once and for all. When it comes to civic and individual rights, there should be no such thing as sex at all."



ON his flight across the continent Lieutenant Maughan said his greatest thrill was coming down Broadway in the air. He made his dawn-to-dusk trip to San Francisco a record-making event and was in Washington making preparations for further exploits. Postmaster-General New is giving airplane service across the continent a thorough trial. The postage comes high, but at that it is cheaper than night letters, telegrams, or telephone calls, and then it is the personal message, just as it was delivered in the old days by messengers when the postage was high and paper even more expensive, making letter-writing a luxury for a few at long intervals. There was less of "yours received" and "yours truly" perfunctoriness and more of personality, which may return to some extent, when correspondents realize that their own message in black and white is to be read.



HISTORY is repeating itself somewhat with the same old sectional issues of '96, when the Farmers Alliance-Populists and free silver agitation caught the hopes of the farmer as offering more purchasing power for his product. It is the silver issue over again on almost the same sectional lines. Bryan's golden tongue has been strangely silent on the silver

issue since the revelations of fiat money in Europe. The states affected by this movement are Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, North and South Dakota and Montana. Most of these are consistently Republican states, and none of them have ever cast a Democratic electoral vote, with the exception of Nebraska. The vision of the third party movement is to have LaFollette to carry these same states as Roosevelt carried them in 1912 and throw the election into the House of Representatives, with the decision to be made by the present Congress. LaFollette has long figured it out that although his group of states represents a minority, they will hold a balance of power as the bloc have recently ruled in Congress, which will enable them to name a President and control the nation.

And then—what?

Conventions have come thick and fast in the good old summertime of 1924. On July 4th. the Third Party Convention at Cleveland nominated Robert M. La Follette for President in short order. He was not present—but his son, Robert M. La Follette, Jr., delivered the message. There was a vigorous inspection of the credentials. The platform goes out unequivocally for the ownership of railroads and the radical measures which were included in the minority report at the Republican Convention.

The Wisconsin Senator has been a long time making his plans for having a Presidential campaign on his own hook, but up to this time has maintained his party designation as a Republican. The delegates did not stop to nominate a Vice-President. That will be attended to later for them. The plans are to concentrate a campaign in the states where La Follette has a following, with hopes of securing enough electoral votes to throw the election into the House of Representatives.

The meeting was held in the auditorium and Congressman H. A. Cooper insisted that the atmosphere was different in July than when he appeared in June at Cleveland with his minority report. The plans for launching a third party varies somewhat from the previous methods adopted in that direction. There was no spectacular withdrawal of delegates from the Convention hall in a temper or huff. It is a question of lining up and getting down to brass tacks for votes.

At the Republican National Convention

An unconventional view through the eyes of an editor rattling around in the quietude of a foregone nomination and a lively vice-presidential chase

AND on Sunday it rained! Coolidge also reigned in a portrait way. Bleak winds swept in on Cleveland-by-the-lake. Even the weather was appropriate for the landing of the Republican pilgrims pledged to nominate a son of New England in his own right for President of the United States.

The New York City and State delegation—the largest on the roll call—led the vanguard of special trains. This was the day of special trains. Bright and early delegates and alternates with their retinues made their way to the Hotel Cleveland, where the National Republican Headquarters was billeted. Men and women stood patiently in line before his majesty, the Room Clerk. Fifteen thousand of the faithful had desired to be under the same roof with the big wigs—and fourteen thousand had to be disappointed. No man or woman in line was satisfied until that precious key was in hand. Everyone took their turn. There was Sam Koenig, Helen Varick Boswell, and Colonel

friends into his confidence and his arms in the good old convention style. At a distance, a quiet unobtrusive gentleman regarded with special interest Dr. Butler—by the roses. It was Wayne B. Wheeler, who in Washington watches 'em from the gallery—here he was doing a little convention patrol. He remarked that a little later he would have something to say. Bringing up the rear guard was Assistant Secretary Roosevelt of the Navy, who looked over the assemblage and out the window, commenting, "Doesn't seem to be very heated around here," while former Senator Calder of Brooklyn was moved to say, "They might as well have held the convention in Newark."

An enthusiastic young delegate from up-state rushed up to Colonel Hayward and proclaimed, "We're going to give you an eighty-thousand-lead in my district." Colonel Hayward, glancing over toward Colonel Roosevelt, seemed to signal to his ardent admirer, "not so loud", but smiled approvingly.

The attention of the lobbyites was arrested by the strains of band music from the street, just as everybody had come to the conclusion that the old fashioned band was as obsolete as red fire and torches. Delegates flocked to the windows, and in the drizzling rain appeared a black plumed major domo leading the Massachusetts delegation. Each delegate carried an American flag, and the band played what one sad-eyed spectator called a jazzed "Yankee Doodle," while those who have faith in Massachusetts—and Calvin Coolidge—braved the Ohio storms. At the head of this Spartan band was Chairman William M. Butler, guide position right of line, carrying flag number one, with five women delegates in the front line. With upturned collar and without an umbrella, William M. Butler wore one of his boyhood New Bedford, Massachusetts, smiles, with which he used to greet the old whaling captains when they returned to port with new stories of adventure and plenty of oil and blubber.

The march of the Pilgrims was soon over, and Chairman Butler, with dripping hat, returned to the Hotel Cleveland and ascended to "4 C 2," a magic combination of letter and figures easily remembered and oft repeated, for so labelled was the room of William M. Butler, the Director General of the Convention and the master mind of the coming campaign. Here he felt at home and worked establishing a new leadership of the party. The walls of 4C2 were unadorned, except for three portraits of President Coolidge in different poses, as if thrice emphasizing his belief in Calvin Coolidge, the man. Here he re-announced 1,066 delegates for Coolidge, with no information given out as to Vice-Presidential declinations.

Newspaper men circulated around the lobby interviewing one another in a desperate search for news, almost forgetting about the tickets on which the portrait of Harding was printed.

The revolving doors whirled, and up the steps toward the enthroned room clerk briskly marched—shades of El Capitan—it was John Philip Sousa, the March King getting his number. "I am here to play this thing on to victory," he said. At the opening of the convention, on Tuesday, he gave the convention its official musi-



FRANK W. MONDELL

cal opening, leading his band in President Coolidge's favorite march, "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

In the dining room, Charles B. Warren, the just-arrived Ambassador from Mexico, was ordering a hot tamale preparatory to taking up his work as chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. He insisted that the platform would be written on the premises, despite the rumor that Secretary Slomp was to arrive later with a complete draft from Washington. His international experience includes a six-hour speech at The Hague Tribunal in 1911, ambassadorship to Japan, and the mission to Mexico, where he straightened out the kinks with Obregon.

There were many Republican candidates present who had won their fight in the primaries now on the ground ready to talk things over for the fall campaign. Guy D. Goff, former Assistant Attorney-General, who won the nomination for Senator in West Virginia, was present with his friend and delegate, John Marshall of West Virginia, who was one of the few outside Massachusetts who had the distinction of voting for Calvin Coolidge for President in the 1920 convention.

The National Women's Party were in on the



CHARLES B. WARREN

William Hayward smiling in line, and even Colonel George Harvey maintained angelic patience.

In the lobby the crowd was milling around. East met West and North greeted South. Contrasts appeared in the picture. Nicholas Murray Butler looked lonesome as he stood by a big bouquet of June roses counseling with himself, while Senator James E. Watson was taking old



ARTHUR B. WILLIAMS

ground floor with a collection of pamphlets large enough to run a Presidential campaign. They were laying siege to the platform makers for the adoption of an equal rights plank.

In the Hollenden hotel, the battleground where Mark Hanna planned many a well-executed campaign, it was apparent that a little Democratic observatory had been established. Here was the veteran, Tom Love of Texas, who has no small knowledge of national conventions. "Seems a little funeral to me around here," he observed. "I'm on my way to New York, where they are going to have a real convention the latter part of this month." The Secretary to Gov. James M. Cox, who fought the nomination battle of San Francisco four years ago, was among those present, unofficially observing with something apparently weighing on his mind.

Leading from the Hollenden down Eighth Street were the triumphal pillars directing the way to the Convention Hall Auditorium. On each column was emblazoned the initials "N. R. C.," which some way has transposed to N. C. R., nothing to do with a cash register—merely reminiscent of Will H. Hays—"No Cash Returned."

'Twas the Sunday before the convention and all was still. Not a soul was in the auditorium as I entered with Manager Lincoln Dickey, who, like a good impresario, had the stage completely set. Even the markers for the state delegations were visible in the dim light of the late afternoon. Immediately in front—the very front row—was the favored position given the Vermont delegation out of courtesy to the birth state of the President, with Massachusetts also in the front row across the aisle. New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, and Iowa occupied the center of the delegate section equipped with black chairs.

The white chairs in the rear were for the alternates. The great balconies radiated in all directions from the speaker's stand. Over twenty-five thousand people visited the auditorium in the Sunday pre-convention audience test.

It was not a blue Monday, but a sociable day in Cleveland. Delegates were hand-shaking and re-handshaking, looking in each other's faces for a gleam of old acquaintance. The tall form of Senator Reid Smoot gave the newspaper men hope that there was a stray bit of news about. He waved his hand and whispered something to Chairman Good. "It's Hoover," at least that was what the lip service men interpreted. The California delegation looked on and smiled approvingly.

Meals at all hours was the "sign invisible" but existent at Hotel Cleveland. They gathered in the boudoir-like dining room furnished in white, and then the gossip began. A rumor lives thirty-seven minutes by the watch. Talk about women gossiping—it's the men. But also the 424 women delegates and alternates at the convention also had their say.

Mr. Frank W. Stearns, the original and first friend of President Coolidge in his political career, was busy with his breakfast of prunes. He insisted that he had nothing to say and that the only man that could say anything authoritatively was the quiet little man with prematurely gray hair and black, snapping eyes, who lodges in C42. Mr. Butler was then running things so smoothly that you could not feel your shoes creak in entering the room. The Massachusetts delegation proceeded to make up their program without even honorary mention of one Henry Cabot Lodge, who has heretofore held the throttle on the steam roller. The 1924 convention was a sharp contrast to those of earlier days.

"It's all owing to the presence of these women," remarked an old cynic, wearing a white vest and a Prince Albert coat, who harked back to the time when Blaine was nominated in Cincinnati in 1884—the last Republican convention ever held in Ohio.

At the Hollenden Hotel I found Cos Altenberg, a delegate from Arkansas. He was the only delegate I could find with whiskers; he was the only Grand Army man I had discovered; he has lived in Arkansas ever since the Civil War, in which he served in the 5th Kansas Volunteers.

"Yes, sir, they're some Republicans left in Arkansas, and since these wimin are votin' we're going to have some Republican votes, because you know wimin are intelligent and they intuitively know when there's a good man runnin' things." Cos has gray whiskers and carries an umbrella and wears an overcoat. He is one of the old fashioned kind and he doesn't care who knows it.

"Arkansas will cast her vote for Coolidge," he whispered in confidence.

The Hollenden was the "listening post" for Democratic observers and the headquarters for the Massachusetts delegation. There never was a convention so completely and thoroughly planned since the Republican party was born—all that was lacking was the real show of contest.

Will Rogers was sauntering through the lobby and met Roy Haynes, the prohibition commissioner. He immediately stopped, bowed, lifted his hat and put his hand on his hip pocket. It was a false motion. Some one had remarked that if the visitors had clay pipes and a pint of whiskey the convention would start out like a real wake.

And on the first day—so runs the chronicles in motion picture sequence of the Republican Convention at Cleveland:

A pitiless blinding light upon the great stage—a battery of three mammoth search lights flashed one picture of the convention. The real picture could not be caught with a photographic lens. The enduring memory of that scene was felt rather than visioned.

Music by the band was a less conspicuous feature of the convention program than usual. It was far from being a brass band convention, although there was no doubt as to who was on the "band wagon." The "Soldiers' Chorus" sung by the glee club, and the rollicking march on the grave organ "concluded the exercises," as the old story runs. It was more of a pipe organ affair, the evolution of '76, when the fife and drum furnished the music for the minute men at Lexington "in convention assembled" at the Tavern near the Green.

There is a thrill in a large crowd keyed up to a campaign pitch. It is the quadrennial meeting and greeting time for thousands of political enthusiasts and reflects the ups and downs, the ebb and flow of the tide of public favor. It is still "thumbs up" or "thumbs down" in great assemblages as it was in the days of Rome or when the Doges of Venice feared the penalties coming from the letters poured into the Lion's Mouth. The leaders of one convention become the derelicts of another, and so merrily turns fortune's wheel.

But why take the joy out of the merry June time convention month. It only comes once in four years. From the time that Sousa waved his baton and the band began to play until the great throng melted away from the auditorium



JAMES W. GOOD

hall on the first adjournment, there were moments that will be counted as history-making in the perspective of years to come. A record of a national convention is not complete without the record of preceding sessions—the days before when sentiment was crystallizing. And this convention was thoroughly crystallized. The real interest began in the early hours of the morning when individuals were making their last appeals for extra tickets and badges. At the Hollenden I met William Jennings Bryan rush-



THEODORE E. BURTON



NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER



THEODORE ROOSEVELT



ANDREW W. MELLON



FRANK W. STEARNS



JAMES E. WATSON



HENRY CABOT LODGE



BASCOM SLEMP

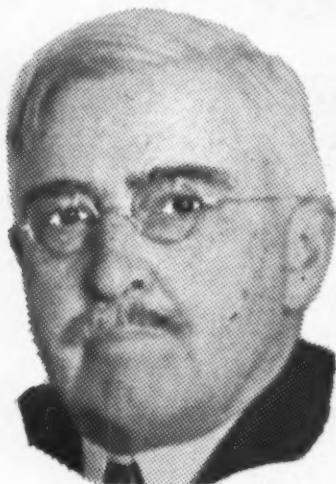


LOUIS A. COOLIDGE

Notable Figures at the Cleveland Convention

ing towards Convention Hall followed by a retinue of admirers reaching back to the days of '96. He had a look on his face that indicated that he possessed a ticket, but he did not wear the badge, and once again in his lifetime William Jennings Bryan occupied a back seat in the press gallery of the convention.

The one thing that impressed me more than anything else was the presence of women taking



WILLIAM M. BUTLER

an active part in a Presidential convention in their own right. There were four hundred and twenty-four delegates and alternates who were permitted to wear their hats. Every hat and every dress, every pair of shoes, possibly every pair of hose, was different. It was individuality expressed in attire. There wasn't enough difference in the garb of the men, not so much as the color of the necktie to differentiate them from peas in a pod, and yet the most united mass of individuals in that convention hall in their thoughts and aspirations were the women. There was no smoking in the hall, and there was no need of a "No Smoking" sign. There was an atmosphere that follows at the Old Home when mother returns. It looked as if some one had insisted upon every delegate having the spots cleaned off his vest and a clean handkerchief in his pocket and a clean collar. Some sort of a house-cleaning had occurred.

It was appropriate that the keynote address should have been delivered by a bachelor, Senator Theodore E. Burton, who spoke of courage as a cardinal virtue and yet has never faced the matrimonial altar. The most intente listeners were the women. When Andrew Mellon was called from the Pennsylvania delegation there was a demonstration because that reduction in the tax bill cut some figure in household economics. The tall slender form of the Secretary of the Treasury stood out silhouetted in the spotlight like a medallion. The real touch of sentiment was the appearance of Andrew Brewer the last survivor of the delegates who nominated Lincoln at the "Wigwam" at Chicago in 1860.

There was a happy Congressman in Cleveland, Hon. Arthur B. Williams of Battle Creek, Michigan, who introduced a bill in Congress providing for a Federal system for co-operative marketing of farm products, who found his plans endorsed on the platform. It is a practical application of the principle that developed industries, and was mentioned in the keynote speech. It is the sub-

ject of a plank in the platform of vital consequence. The purpose is to provide an outlet for the co-operative societies properly and adequately financed and co-ordinated through clearing houses to provide final terminal markets. Mr. Williams' bill covers a scientific and thoroughly logical plan of practical co-operative marketing providing a complete channel of distribution, cutting out the present wastes and hazards. The feeling is that it will be more effective in adjusting the farmers' problem than the Federal Reserve Bank bill was to the bankers; setting up a governmental machinery to provide machinery to stabilize the markets of the farmers as the Federal Reserve does the currency of the country. This plan eliminates demagogic agitation and gets down to brass tacks for results. Congressman Williams felt that he had made a long step forward in the plans that have met the approval of the most far-sighted and successful financiers.

* * *

"I was looking for T. N. T. in the platform," declared Colonel Milholland, a convention veteran. "You cannot tie the hands of Congress or convention delegates with a party label." He pulled hard at his gray mustache reflectively, and continued:

"History repeats itself, and I am reminded of the 1880 National Republican Convention when Roscoe Conkling tried to tie up the convention for Grant's stalwart band of 306. Governor Campbell of West Virginia aroused the convention with a protest. 'I am of Highland descent, and I refuse to give up my rights as a man to any Clan.' The delegates caught the idea like a flash. Blaine won his point, and Roscoe Conkling sat down and fanned himself in his first defeat."

The Resolutions Committee was the storm center. Czar Thomas B. Reed enforced rigid rules for "all present and voting" in the House of Representatives, and all members present were required to speak for themselves. Contrawise, Czar Butler radioed in his actions that all present should listen only to the organization loud speaker. There was a little static in the air when it was observed that he had changed his suit and necktie, but had not changed his mind.

The press section had to wear goggles to protect themselves from the blinding light that made the Auditorium seem like a moving picture studio.

The V. P. lightning rods were all up early, but the lightning was waiting for some campaign thunder. Anyhow, everyone was getting better acquainted and beginning to like Cleveland as a summer resort. The great spectacle, after all, was the convention audience—a circling sea of faces all aglow with the convention glint that is just as distinct as the automobile face. The areas were marked off by aisles in the galleries and some of the gallery gods and balcony beauties soon found their voices. They joined heartily in voting "No" on the motion to adjourn, feeling that they had not quite had their money's worth.

* * *

The second day opened with peace conference breakfast. Senator Lodge and Secretary Weeks broke eggs together at the same table, and participated from one plate of toast. In one corner former Senator Calder had Hamilton Fish on his right, trying to explain that General Harbord could not be entered as a Vice-Presidential candidate from Kansas while he held the job of the President of the Radio Corporation in New York. It was a rush day for V. P. Boomlets. Senator Albert J. Beveridge was breakfasting alone, with

his cane and hat near at hand preparatory to taking a stroll, afar from Messrs. Watson and New, contemplating the speech he might have made at the Convention. Hoosier politics still remains the prize puzzle, rivalled only by Illinois, where Senator Medill McCormick's "Go to Hell" Club has been launched. Governor Charles Deneen of Illinois, who has won the Senatorial nomination in the Sucker State, was in a happy mood as he entered for breakfast with a ticket that provided him with a balcony seat, reminding the Governor of the days when as a boy he spent hard-earned savings for a gallery seat when the minstrel show came to town.

There was a continual mixup on the two Burtons, keynoter and nominator, and the two Butlers, dominator and denominator. Nicholas Murray Butler's popularity was more evident in the seclusion of certain rooms than in the spotlight of the Convention. One enterprising Cleveland firm presented him a pair of rubber boots for campaign purposes only.

K. K.—O. K. Thus endeth the second reading on Vice-Presidency matters relating to Senator Jim Watson of Indiana.

* * *

William Jennings Bryan has reached the zenith of his political career, and for twenty-eight years he has waited and waited and waited. It has remained for an Ohio man by the name of T. E. Burton to gratify the hitherto unattainable. Bryan has had his name mentioned in a Republican National Convention, and by the keynoter, too. No wonder his smile has taken on its old-time circumference. The steering committee on Press arrangements did well to put Mr. Bryan



WILL ROGERS

on the back row, just as far away from the Speaker's platform as possible, otherwise he might have misunderstood the allusion to his name, and forgotten that this was a Republican Convention. As he passed through the hotel lobby the next morning on his way to the Auditorium, he looked ten years younger, and ready for the Madison Square Garden bout.

The scenario script called for "Picture Ahead," but Director General Butler absolutely refused to bring his principals out in Cleveland mist and rain, so, again the Vice-President remained in seclusion with a very expensive cast, title, assistant directors, extras, spear-bearers, hand-maidens, soubrettes, heavies, villains, and even innocent bystanders on the set.

The Navy apparently thought the Convention was then over, for the gunboat *Pudaka* weighed anchor. It is one of the lake Navy ships under

the command of Captain Evers. Six hundred gobs marched in review for the delegates. Secretary of the Navy, Curtis Wilbur, arrived in town unheralded and probably for the first time. The Secretary reviewed his Navy unattended from the street corner leaning against a water hydrant.

On the stage was the Princess Kawanakoa, who is the National Committeewoman from Hawaii. She speaks English with a determined accent and wore around her neck Alima Aleis, or flower feathers composed of a rare yellow flower peculiar to the Island. Her Christian name is Abigail, and she is intensely interested in political organization. Everywhere she went she extended the hospitality of Hawaii.

Director General Butler figured very closely. His books checked in 1,066 delegates and he missed it by one. This man was A. W. O. L. Running in true form, he opened his day of all days reticently, remaining in the background. Without much preliminary, Chairman Mondell started to the spot about six feet in front of the two microphones. Simultaneously with his action Butler moved forward and took a front seat on the platform. Under ordinary circumstances Mondell committed the unpardonable sin. He inadvertently stole the thunder from President Marion Leroy Burton's speech by pronouncing the name of Calvin Coolidge as the name of the man he would nominate.

And now followed the masterful nominating speech of Marion Leroy Burton. Red overhead lights gradually began to throw a glow. The battery of searchlights from the sides flashed, motion picture cameras began to grind. Bing! Crash! Calls, whistling, and the throwing of hats, loose papers, programs and other papers



MARION LEROY BURTON

into the air as the band started their overture to the demonstration with a flourish. Lights up, then down. The giant tones from the great organ filled the auditorium with the strains of the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers"—fifteen thousand people gradually took up the words and sang as a mighty chorus. It was a stirring moment. Even William Jennings Bryan, veteran though he is, reached into his pocket for a handkerchief, with which he wiped away a stray tear.

The lights gradually faded into a deep blue,

with the spots illuminating on the stage the great emphasis of the oil paintings of Presidents Lincoln, Harding and Roosevelt.

While in the main auditorium the intermittently changing of the blue to red then to white occurred—the greatest demonstration of the Convention.

The great auditorium was again illuminated. All stood. Was Wisconsin standing, too? No, I should say all with the exception of Wisconsin. The organ continued with "Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking," "Rally Round the Flag," then into a singing chorus of "Glory Hallelujah" and "Maryland My Maryland." The organ stopped. The demonstration for Calvin Coolidge was a song-fest.

The aftermath of Marion Leroy Burton's speech was like that of a new actor that has made a hit on Broadway. The hard-boiled eggs in the newspaper men's row, cynical, from Sam Blythe to Billy Stebbins, cub reporter, agreed that Marion Leroy Burton made a hit as a Convention speaker. The absence of all political rant of old times was noted as the asides were carried on, and the dignity of the college president was turned aside in the sincerity of a friend talking of a friend.

The red-headed boy born in Brooklyn, Iowa, who earned his way through college at Castleton, Minnesota, and later became president of Smith College, indicated that orators do sprout up between rows of corn like melons planted in a corn patch, and he wasn't a "punkin" by gosh. He shoved out his chin and pulled in his forehead, and with right hand extended and the teachers' forefinger waving, he held the great throng breathless. From his left-hand pocket a kerchief emerged for mopping and re-rhopping his brow. Just as he had finished I was talking with him. Like a gladiator in the corner of the ring, his striped necktie was awry, his collar wilted, but in his blue eyes there was a sense of humility reflecting the spirit of Calvin Coolidge as he sat down in his corner oblivious of the cheering throngs.

A pretty scene was enacted on the rostrum for the Convention attendants. Senator Frank W. Willis of Ohio, who nominated Harding without a loud speaker, had in his arms Miss Virginia Moore Patterson, a little girl from southern Ohio, who insisted that she was going to vote for Coolidge. They were the attraction of a large number who had lingered as they sang together "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" before a waving flag. She pledged her allegiance to the flag while high aloft on the shoulders of Senator Willis, who turned and faced the throng below. After all, we are working for the children, and who knows, perhaps little Virginia Moore Patterson may be the first woman President from Ohio.

Secretary Slemple, Assistant Director, sat in an upholstered chair on the platform, neighbor to William M. Butler. They held converse not by words, but by signs, keeping an eye on Congressmen immediately in front. They watched with the keen eye of impresarios the effect of their impression of the Convention and were even caught cheering at one time with both hands.

The strategist of the afternoon jam, when Lowden was receiving a majority vote for Vice-President, was Frank Willis. There was a Burton boom started. With the strongest voice in the convention he announced 50 votes for Burton of Ohio. Like a good football player, he followed up the swing to Lowden with the desire to make the nomination unanimous for Frank

Lowden. Ten minutes intervened; the march of Lowden was halted by a letter declining. Willis took the floor again, quick on the follow-up. "I move the letter be laid on the table." In the meantime the speaker's platform flying bridge was filled with consultants. The Cabinet held



FRANK B. WILLIS

an unofficial session. For the first time Director General Butler remained silent in his seat, nervously chewing the wrong end of his cigar. Finally he sauntered out on the bridge followed by the rush of consultants and newspaper men, who had climbed over the railing. Will Hays had his pencil out, General DuPont and Charles B. Warren were busy and took control of the situation, asking for a recess to get a final word from Lowden.

It was a hurry-up call for convention doctors.

The Lowden vote swung to Dawes and he was nominated despite other suggestions. There were hours of hard luck for Theodore E. Burton—his automobile stalled. Policemen gathered around. The curious crowd looked through the windows at the man who didn't quite get the vote when Lowden jammed the ballot procession. The smile that portends the "I don't care" of Eva Tanguay, he smiled—like an old Roman. "Well, the old State did well by me." Another friend poked his face through the other window and shouted "Congratulations, old man." Burton replied, "I thought you didn't get to this Convention." "You are having as hard a time getting away as Lowden." Three of Chief Graul's men came to his rescue to assist the key-noter, who was wearing his helmet derby hat fully armed with his cane at rest.

There was a Vice-Presidential jubilation meeting of the New Jersey delegation in the lobby of the Hollenden. Senator Edge was bowing low, wearing his best Atlantic City smile as congratulations poured in. New Jersey started with 33 delegates for Dawes and finished with 33, and

Continued on page 40

The Democratic Convention in the Garden

An editor's view of the long-fought battle at Madison Square Garden where the K. K. K. bomb was exploded—glimpses of the great, post great and nearly great at close-up range

AS predicted by many from the start of the Democratic Convention at Madison Square Garden, the story of the "legend of the locked horns" prevailed. A dark horse was chosen and the dark horse was John W. Davis of West Virginia.



TOM TAGGART

In his office in New York City he went right on with his work—not even attending the Convention. The home folks from Clarksburg, West Virginia, had their quarters in the Waldorf and started distributing ice water a-plenty, with the red-hot enthusiasm of West Virginia politics.

A native of West Virginia, John W. Davis made his first bow in Federal service as Solicitor-General of the United States. Later on he was appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James, succeeding the late Walter H. Page. There has been a very determined fight against him because of his connection as a lawyer with J. P. Morgan & Company and the telephone interests, together with the fact that he was living in New York, but the folks at home insisted that he still maintains his residence in West Virginia and was their "favorite son" and the winning dark horse.

From the start he was more or less indifferent as to the nomination, for I recall when I called

upon him months ago, he smiled and said he looked upon his nomination as something too remote to seriously consider. The candidate microbe was not bothering him with any lively anticipations.

The nomination of John W. Davis came through the support of the Governor Smith men, who felt that he was the one available promising candidate after one hundred and three ballots at a struggling Convention that had its pathetic and tragic aspects.

A dignified nominee, he heads the ticket of the Democratic party with ambassadorial balance. Of quiet demeanor, with the pose of a diplomat, he will enter the campaign with the energy of the West Virginia campaigner and take up the cudgels to lead the Democratic party in the eventful campaign in 1924, with all the vigor that goes with a dark horse, fresh from the paddock, eager to make good on the home stretch.

Two-thirty a. m., July 10, A. D. 1924, witnessed the nomination of Governor Charles W. Bryan as the running mate for John W. Davis on the Democratic ticket. Many of the delegates had gone home and the long siege was over. After the delegates were released, it was unbossed and a free-for-all. Governor Smith had the satisfaction of naming John W. Davis. The consolation offered to William Jennings Bryan was the nomination of his brother as Vice-President.

The Bryans play a lone game true to family tradition. Your first impression of Nebraska's Chief Executive is that of a very solid and substantial citizen. Large face, with closely-cropped gray mustache, eyes dark and deeply impressive, he has but a slight resemblance to his famous brother. Large of stature, broad-shouldered, standing over six feet, he can physically look down upon his distinguished brother, even if he is only a publisher and a Governor.

While I was with him in the suite at the Waldorf during the days of the Convention, he moved toward the window and looked out upon a banner inscribed "Smith for President," making no comment, but looking intent.

"You were looking for my brother, were you not?"

"No, Governor, I am looking for you."

Governor Bryan has not been so long in politics as "W. J.," but his record on elections reads somewhat differently. In the nine political battles he has led in the State of Nebraska, he won them all. His batting average is 1,000. He has won them in a big way, too, for he was elected Mayor of Lincoln, the capital city of Nebraska, three to one over his opponent. He has even done better than that in some of his political encounters, running as high as eleven to one over opponents. As the Governor of Nebraska, he was elected by the largest majority any Democrat ever received in that state, which is normally 50,000 Republican. In the Republican landslide of four years ago, Charles

W. was the only Democrat elected on the ticket with a majority rising upwards of 75,000.

We can imagine William Jennings going to his brother these days and asking:

"How do you do it?"

The answer probably lies in the fact that Charles W. is not only a leader, but an exceptionally keen interpreter of the thought of his own state. He has united creeds, factions, farmers and labor—organized and unorganized. He is a real political pacificator, so much in demand these days.

Normally the cross-roads of New York City is Fifth Avenue and 42d Street, but according to Officer No. 5,904 it has been changed. The Convention has made a new cross-roads at Fifth Avenue and 34th Street. Certainly this corner was the busiest one in New York during the



FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Convention. I found Officer Frank Kelley as busy on this outside Fifth Avenue corner of the Waldorf as Albert Lazarus and John Kalusky the popular cashier were on the inside—the same business, too.

Walking up to him, I observed:

"Officer, if you don't mind, I'd like to stand here with you for a while. I want to find out what a Convention visitor wants to know about New York."

The information bureau proceeded.

"What hotel is this?"



ROYAL S. COPELAND



CARTER GLASS



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN



EDWARD T. MEREDITH



OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD



PAT HARRISON



SAMUEL M. RALSTON



BERNARD BARUCH



JOHN F. HYLAN

Big Figures On the Democratic Political Chess Board

"Where's Wanamaker's department store?"

"Where's Lord & Taylor's?"

"Where's Tiffany's?"

All of which proves that a Convention visitor shops: "For," supplemented Officer Kelley, "almost every department store in New York has been the subject of a question." The stream of inquisitive people continued:



NEWTON D. BAKER

"What is that building over on the corner? There appears to be no name on it."

"Altman's," sang out Officer Kelley.

"Where's Fifth Avenue?"

"Where's the Vanderbilt Hotel?"

"Do you know where Smith's headquarters are?"

"Can you direct me to the Aquarium?"

"Do I take the subway to get to Bronx Park?"

"How do I reach Coney Island?"

"Where is the Commodore Hotel?"

"Where does New York start?"

"Where does it end?"

"How far is it across?"

"Can you see the Woolworth Building from here?"

"How long will it take me to run out for a glimpse of Brooklyn Bridge?"

"Where does Mayor Hylan live?"

"Which direction is the Pennsylvania Hotel?"

"Do these Fifth Avenue busses ever turn over?"

"They never have," answered Officer Kelley with a smile, "and don't forget that the New York Police force is the greatest in the world."

This was only a ten-minute observation. Officer Kelley is a great information bureau, a natural booster for New York, the police force, and Convention guests—and he says it always with a smile.

Armed with a supply of calling cards, I made a

tour of the headquarters of the various candidates—prospective and otherwise. It is something to leave to posterity the evidence that "father was once a candidate for President of the United States." Even Irvin Cobb had one vote at San Francisco that he counts worth all it cost, and Will Rogers got one this time from Arizona.

When a man gets the candidate bug, he is hopeless. It is a microbe that has never been conquered. Political barometers were determined by the size of the crowd at the various headquarters. All the political prognosticators watch headquarters closely for their dope.

"The crowd is surging toward Ralston," shouted an Indiana man. "What a wonderful collection of prophecies the newspapers of the week will furnish as to what's going to happen that doesn't happen," he continued.

"After the Convention was over, I made a collection of all the tips I received, and now I understand why I did not win the bets," said Ormsby McHarg, the tall man who was a candidate for Senator in North Dakota on the Republican ticket.

With thirty or forty nominating speeches scheduled, Chairman Thomas J. Walsh started the real fireworks after his keynote address by a roll call of the States for nominations for President. There was a buzz of excitement when it was realized that the real work of the Convention was approaching.

Judge Johnston of Alabama, a smooth-faced man of pleasing personality, responded for Alabama, the first on the list. He alluded to the fact that although Alabama had been giving away to other States on the roll call for Presidential nominations, she now had a candidate of her own. When he declared Senator Underwood's position on the Ku Klux there was a demonstration which indicated a bird's-eye view of the line-up of the delegates. New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and other States led out, but the solid South remained silent and obdurate, while anti-Ku Klux delegations were waving their banners in high glee. This demonstration for Underwood as a candidate did not compare with the unexpected outbreak on the announcement of his position on the K. K. K. question.

Following the silence of Arkansas on roll-call, Senator Phelan marched to the water tank and drank vigorously from a paper cup. This indicated that the nomination of McAdoo was forthcoming.

The former Senator from California is a small man, with full beard and resonant voice. At first he seemed to hold the audience, but the long speech brought forth comment from Judge John J. Lentz of Ohio:

"Why don't they eliminate the long nominating speeches? You know, Harding was nominated by Frank Willis in five minutes."

The demonstration following Senator Phelan's speech was dramatic. Flags of California, with the star upon them, and a large banner with the girl of curls near the standard blossomed forth in a flash and made a stirring spectacle. The hot sun poured down through the roof through the great flags, and seemed to stimulate the enthusiasm of perspiring humanity within the inclosure for delegates.

Valuable information is often given at a Convention, with the aggravating injunction, "Don't use my name."

"It may be the legend of the locked horns over again" was the classical illusion made by one of the prominent leaders, who requested "Don't quote me" in the customary shy way.

He continued: "This old story pictures to me the situation at the Democratic Convention in session today." His, as the event proved, was a true prognostication.

June 27 was nomination day at the Garden, and in this business of presenting prospective candidates the start and finish were equally brilliant. Bright and early on the program a gentleman of medium height, with the appearance of a man who might be the President of a university—dark hair parted on the side, flashing black eyes, smooth face, horn-rimmed glasses, square, determined chin—stepped forward and in clear, resounding tones, which penetrated to the furthest corners of the Convention hall, former Secretary of War Newton D. Baker delivered one of the most effective nominating speeches of the Convention, which ended:

"And now I present the name of James M. Cox."

Newton Baker could not have selected a more favorable place on the program if he had selected it himself.

An estimate was made that there were fifty-seven Mayors attending the Convention from various cities. Among them was Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City, who is one of the leaders in the Governor Silzer boom for President. The flag of New Jersey, used in the demonstration for Governor Silzer, and the singing of a quartet, furnished a feature of the program. Senator "Teddy" Edwards of New Jersey was an enthusiastic spectator, while "Jim" Kearney was



WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO

cheering his friend Silzer as if his life depended upon it.

The finish of a long, tiresome day, when certain others had failed to hold the attention of their audience, was the triumphal victory of a woman who secured and held in rapt fashion the attention of every individual within her hearing, as if it had been the first nominating address of the day. Her closing words:

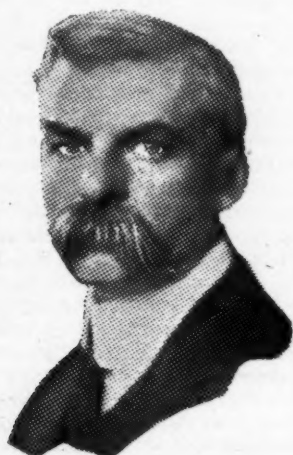
"And now I bring to you a man of yesterday, of today and of tomorrow—John W. Davis of West Virginia."

Somehow I felt, as indicated in the article written for the New York World, Saturday, June 28th, that when Izetta Brown of Kingwood, West Virginia, a beautiful and impressive woman, nominated John W. Davis, it was similar to the brief and effective nomination speech of Frank Willis at Chicago.

She has entered the race for United States Senator in West Virginia, and succeeded her late husband in Congress.

As she left the speakers' platform, I met her face to face and she made the prophecy that in a way carried with it something more than political judgment and the intuitive sense of a woman when she said: "Look out for John W. Davis"—and I immediately climbed into the look-out.

Four years ago she nominated John W. Davis at San Francisco, and has demonstrated a woman's persistence. The fact that the successful nominee was nominated by a woman, with what was admittedly one of the best



THEODORE J. WALSH

speeches of the Convention, and that she never lost her faith in the ultimate result, is significant.

I bumped into Hon. J. Hamilton Lewis bowing his way through a double row of adoring ladies in Peacock Alley. He wore gloves and the usual gorgeous necktie of dahlia design. Hon. R. A. C. Smith, paramount citizen of New York, attired in a white vest with his quiet smile, was recalling the fact that he was once the host of David B. Hill, the author of the classic utterance, "I am a Democrat." He attracted as much attention as a candidate.

Sitting in a chair, like a king on his throne, was Colonel Nicholas Montgomery Bell, who, with his close-cropped white whiskers, might easily claim relationship to the famous "Smith Brothers," whose portraits adorn the cough-drop packages. His daughter, a bright woman from Kansas City, was with him. Colonel Bell had the honor of nominating Horatio Seymour as Democratic nominee for President at the last Convention held in New York, in 1868. He was then twenty-nine years old. He has been a delegate for seven conventions and secretary of five. He was called to Albany in 1884 at the request of Grover Cleveland and was with him when the stolid Grover told the newspaperman who asked about the Maria Halpin story, "Tell them to tell the truth." He was given the honors that were bestowed in Cleveland upon the only surviving member of the Convention that nominated Lincoln at the Wigwam in 1860.

Will Rogers was running his own show in competition with the big attraction. He was a frequent visitor at the Convention, wearing his striking press badge, lettered "Active Press, New York Times, Will Rogers," adorned with a blue ribbon, and at times distracted the attention of the audience from the more formal proceedings by his impromptu witticisms at the expense of the speech makers. With his nervous,

active mannerisms, and constant flow of caustic wit, he was indeed a whole show in himself.

Pre-convention lunches were given to happy and hopeful candidates, but William G. McAdoo continued his diet of crackers and milk. Most of the Western delegates were calling for sea food. The wild and woolly visitors from the boundless, rolling prairies of the West, where the lobster is as scarce as red Indians are in Boston, scanned the menus carefully for variations on their customary diet. Lobsters, clams, cod-fish, flounders and other sea food were in great demand.

During the police parade, "Al" Smith, standing first on one foot and then on the other, after the long stretch of the review with Mayor Hylan, was softly humming the words of "The Sidewalks of New York." A little urchin, sitting on the pavement, looked up to him and said: "That's right, Governor; these curbs of New York need rubber cushions." The Governor was given an ovation as the "favorite son" of the entire state. During the police parade he was in his real element.

Major George Berry, candidate for the Vice-Presidency, strolled about with the stub of an unlighted cigar in his mouth, genially greeting his followers, whose hat bands announced "Pick Berry." Major Berry seemed to have the "berry patch" all to himself, so far as announced candidates are concerned.

One of the dominant questions was: "How to get a ticket to the show?" Vacant seats told the story of broken hearts or "no tickets!" One lady, mistaking me for Senator Dill, said to me: "Senator, I'm in a pickle." She was looking for a ticket.

Miss Elizabeth Marbury, the national committeewoman from New York and chairman of the Convention Entertainment Committee, who is, perhaps, the most conspicuous woman in Democratic politics, who is nationally known and who has participated in conventions before and knows the ins and outs of politics as well as any mere man, comes by her knowledge well, being the true Tammany daughter of a famous Tammany father.

"You know," she said, "I have several women from my committee who are preparing planks for the Democratic platform so dry that they will almost crumble to dust. At the San Francisco Convention the wet and dry issue was a point, but not nearly so important a one as now."

Tex Rickard, once a prominent citizen of Alaska, was royally entertaining two gentlemen from the land of the totem poles. Three of the Presidential candidates were absent from the scene of action, apparently believing that it is well to be neither seen nor heard. One of them, the former nominee, James M. Cox of Ohio. Senator Ralston was another who, according to the information from Indianapolis headquarters, was home plowing corn. The third, John W. Davis, former Ambassador to the Court of St. James, whose headquarters were being conducted by folks from the home town of Clarksburg. His interests were cared for by friends who were acting independently of West Virginia's choice for President.

The third floor of the Waldorf was by all means the thickest populated section of New York. If you wished to see any particular party who had any interest at all in the proceedings, all it was necessary to do was to stand patiently in the corridor for a few minutes and that party would approach you as iron filings are drawn to a magnet.

In the inner inmost room, the third in succession of the Presidential suite in the Waldorf, sat Tom Taggart, the most undisturbed, the most unperturbed, the most quiet leader of the Convention. There was a rumor that he had been ill, but he looked ten years younger than when I saw him last. Sitting there in his shirt sleeves, eyes twinkling with good humor, he commented on things in general in a soft, well-modulated voice, looking mildly at his colored valet when that important functionary stuck his head in the doorway and announced:

"A committee awaits without."

"Without what?" exclaimed Taggart.

"Without tickets, boss."

"Tell them they are a day late," he said.

"But to be patient, for there'll be another convention in four years."

Arising from his chair, Mr. Taggart exclaimed:

"That Harrison speech, do you know, was wonderful!"

Of that speech, William Jennings Bryan said: "It is the brightest I ever heard."

On the tables in Pat Harrison's room at the Waldorf were many telegrams from all parts of the country, wired in by radio listeners. One man from Chicago began his message with this: "I am a Republican, but I want to congratulate you on your speech." It was a great honor to have been elected as the man to sound the keynote of the Democratic Convention. It was a task which he executed far better than he knew. He took it seriously. Two days previously he had spent away from hotel headquarters, resting at the home of a friend, that he might do his best.

"Regardless of how my effort may be taken, it was an honest one given sincerely from my heart," he said.



ALFRED E. SMITH

"Lend me your ears," quoth Mark Antony centuries ago in addressing "friends, Romans and countrymen!" Not only New York, but the people in every city, town and hamlet of the United States of America have been lending their ears, freely and generously, to political conventions in 1924. The auditory attendance at conventions has increased from thousands to millions through the magic of Radio. Four years ago, 15,000 persons only "listened" to the speeches. Twenty million ears were loaned as they "listened in" from every part of the country to the addresses "as delivered," and heard even better than if they were on the same platform

with the speaker. Yes, it seemed as if everybody was in attendance at the two notable political conventions of 1924 through the magic of Radio.

Ed Hoffman was a sort of dollar-a-year man around the National Convention, but very important in the Convention ceremonies. Speaking of a great moment in the opening day, he said:

"Wasn't Anna Case wonderful! After she finished singing the 'Star Spangled Banner,' she turned and said: 'I am thrilled to have been invited to sing.'"

"When will the balloting start?" someone asked Ed. "It will start on Friday," he answered, and Tom Taggart added, "We may get away by Saturday night and spend a quiet Sunday at home."

D. W. Griffith was an interested spectator in the Convention hall. The Ku Klux Klan portrayed in the "Birth of a Nation" is a different Ku Klux Klan from the one that is tearing asunder the political platform today. The galloping host of hooded men he pictured in the "Birth of a Nation" are not the Klu Klux of today, as envisioned by many of the vigorous anti-Klu Klux people of the South.

In the Convention hall I met Judge Alton B. Parker, Democratic candidate for President in 1908, and the keynote speaker of the Convention at Baltimore that nominated Woodrow Wilson. Not far away sat William Jennings Bryan, with whom I traveled from Chicago after the Republican Convention of 1912.

The eyes of William Jennings Bryan while on the Convention floor sparkled like those of an old war horse. He looked as if he had found the fountain of political youth. Thirty years ago he sat modestly in the Chicago Convention and made his famous "Cross of Gold and Crown of Thorns" speech. William Jennings Bryan is a philosopher these days. Everything seems to be going to his satisfaction. A fourth nomination for President is among the possibilities of his political horoscope.

There was a certain box immediately opposite Chairman Walsh's gavel, particularly conspicuous with its draping of large American flags, which might be immediately singled out from any angle of the great arena. All the more outstanding was the box because of its occupants. Two women in black emphasized their identities immediately. They were two of the three daughters of former President Woodrow Wilson—Mrs. William Gibbs McAdoo and her sister, Miss Margaret Wilson. I found myself in the surging, yelling crowd, pushing in that direction, and with the aid of a friendly policeman I circled from the speaker's stand to the McAdoo box. There I found Thomas Chadbourne sitting near the entrance, and quietly observing the proceedings. In the far corner, eagerly watching the delegates, and intently listening to each announcement on the roll call, was Mrs. McAdoo, all smiling. The flush of intense excitement evidenced itself on her face while she watched her sister Margaret, who with a pencil recorded by states on her ballot record as the thunderous voice of convention secretary Greathouse rang



Wide World Photos.

GEORGE E. BRENNAN, the "Big Boss" of the Democracy of Illinois, one of Governor Alfred E. Smith's ablest and most active adherents. He is known nationally as a leader of leaders in the Democratic party.

out. Mrs. Thomas Chadburne and Mrs. Kellogg Fairbanks sat very near. They, too, recorded every happening. In the opposite corner of the box, also in black, was Helen Bones, cousin of ex-President Wilson, who knew every move made on the delegate chess-board below. From time to time Mrs. McAdoo would lean over and answer the wave of some enthusiastic friend below.

Another woman—from Joplin, Missouri—the vice-chairman of the Democratic Committee, Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, was by all odds the busiest of women. Whether addressing the Convention or speaking to individual state committees, she showed herself to be an executive of great poise and a keen organizer, despite the fact that she is very attractive and feminine in every

way. As a writer, contributing to magazines and doing short stories, she is well known outside of politics. Her effectiveness in political work started with her conception and organization of Democratic women's clubs, which now run in numbers upwards of one thousand. Very noticeable was her daughter, always on the job day and night, helping mother.

In a résumé of the prominent women of the Convention, at the top of the list, best known of all, was New York's Elizabeth Marbury, hostess to the delegates and visitors. She was acquainted with everybody and everybody knew her. As I stood in the gallery at one of the sessions, a man from Texas plucked my coat-sleeve and pointed to the delegate aisle of the arena below and in a voice which contained the pride of importance asked: "Do you know that lady? That's Elizabeth Marbury."

No greater reception was accorded than the one given to Mrs. Leroy Springs, national committeewoman from South Carolina, who appeared before the Convention twice. First, to give her report as chairman of the credentials committee, and later amid the musical accompaniment of the band to the strains of "O, You Beautiful Doll," to second the nomination of McAdoo. She has a wonderful personality and so appreciated has her work been that she is to be further honored as the woman to receive the nomination for Vice-President.

Who is it that played the most important part in the Democratic National Convention? Was it Pat Harrison with his keynote speech? No, because he was succeeded by the Permanent Chairman. Was it Senator Walsh, who wielded a vigorous crack of the gavel that was heard by radio fans all over the country? No, because he was only moderator. Was it the political leaders, Tom Taggart, or George Brennan? No, because they come and go and are not always able to deliver their delegation. Was it the man who places the candidates in nomination? No, because the delegates attend to that. Was it the man who operates the loud speaker and makes it possible for millions to hear? No, because they don't want to hear all the speakers. Was it the man who operates the motion picture spots and catches the tense moments? No, because they come only on occasion. Was it the man who operated the fog-horn siren. No, because that irritated Chairman Walsh. Was it the Sergeant-at-Arms, who keeps order? No, because he was powerless.

Who is it, then?

It is the man who runs the band, who knows "East Side, West Side," "California, Here We Come," "The Banks of the Wabash," "Maryland, My Maryland," "Chicago," "Iowa, Where the Tall Corn Grows," "Dixie."

His name is Francis Sutherland, and he is the leader of the Seventh Regiment Band.

The main thing now is to know who told Sutherland when and what to play. That was the question when everybody at 2:30 a. m. began clamoring for the "band wagon," as the band played "Auld Lang Syne," with the delegates humming "Till We Meet Again."



A Great Memorial to Love

Lora Leverhulme of England, the premier industrialist of all time, builds most beautiful art gallery the mind of man has ever visioned as a tender and touching tribute to the memory of his wife

OUT of the World War the genius of business has come into its own. With other great wars, sculpture, art, architecture and other great movements followed, but the World War brought business genius to full flower. The names that will find places in the "Hall of Fame" in the era following the world cataclysm will not only include commanders of armies, statesmen and philosophers, authors, scientists, architects and artists—but commerce will have its enduring triumphs as well.

Long before the war there was a captain of industry who foreshadowed the golden era that will come to pass. In the village of Bolton, Lancashire, England, was born a lad who began life in a humble way as a grocer's apprentice, but he had vision and a mind as adept in mathematics as Herschel's was in astronomy. The son of a grocer, he aspired to own and operate an industry and do something for his fellow-man.

The first gleam of sunlight that dissipated the clouds of the death grapple in competition and drudge of labor was his conception at Port Sunlight on the banks of the Mersey, close by the world-port of Liverpool. It was a light in the world of trade that was logically the result of ethical ideals so firmly established in the conduct of industry today.

With a mind that works like a trip-hammer, young Leverhulme made use of every stray moment. Work was the one thing of his life—he made even his work a pastime. He absorbed information and applied the test of cause and effect unerringly. After a career of more than half a century of business direction and responsibility, he has evolved a philosophy in business that will live long after him.

His first consideration was the human equation, the workman and the training of the hand and eye with the brain to have homes that might be love-nests of happiness. He knew his London with its myriads of people packed into small areas where the dire results of poverty and crime were inevitable.

The steady advancement in his illustrious career and recognition by his own country, has been watched with interest by other nations. From William H. Lever to Sir William Lever, Lord Leverhulme and Viscount Leverhulme is a recognition of the Aristocracy of Merit.

Directing and organizing over two hundred corporations, doing business all over the world, distributing millions of dollars in products and dividends to his shareholders, every year his conquering genius held fast to practical as well as moral purpose.

The various addresses delivered during one of the busiest lives that any man has lived in the swiftest moving era of world history is a compendium of principles and an encyclopedia of philosophic thought directed to present day and future conditions.

Lord Leverhulme has known how to use the 'lamp of experience.' He has read his history

of the times of Cromwell, "when master flogged apprentice and husband beat his wife," and followed the careers of workers in the vineyards of industry.

When the tail-twisters in America chaffed him at a Fourth of July banquet, he startled them by reminding them of the fact that the United

simply record the details of all his civic activities, but this little man, the size and build of Napoleon, always looks up with a sparkling glance and "sees the point." The shock of white hair tells of the years of wisdom and experience that have been put into action.

During those trying days of the war I saw



TUDOR ROOM of the Lady Lever Art Gallery. In this room are gathered the finest examples of furniture, china, paintings and other art objects of the period. His Majesty, King George V laid the cornerstone of this wonderful structure, a royal princess dedicated it, and the design, the building, and the collecting of the choicest bits of British art have been Lord Leverhulme's chief concern for a decade

States was founded by Englishmen; that it was an Englishman who gave the world the Declaration of Independence and the glory of 1776; that an Englishman had secured the Magna Charta and the imperial rights of the people under Cromwell and preserved the inherent rights of individual and representative liberty.

That is why he is an ardent believer in the small shop-keeper, insisting that the contact of the neighborhood merchant, who knows and lives with the people whom he meets every day, is a basis of sympathetic human interest that must be counted on for the enduring progress of betterment of mankind.

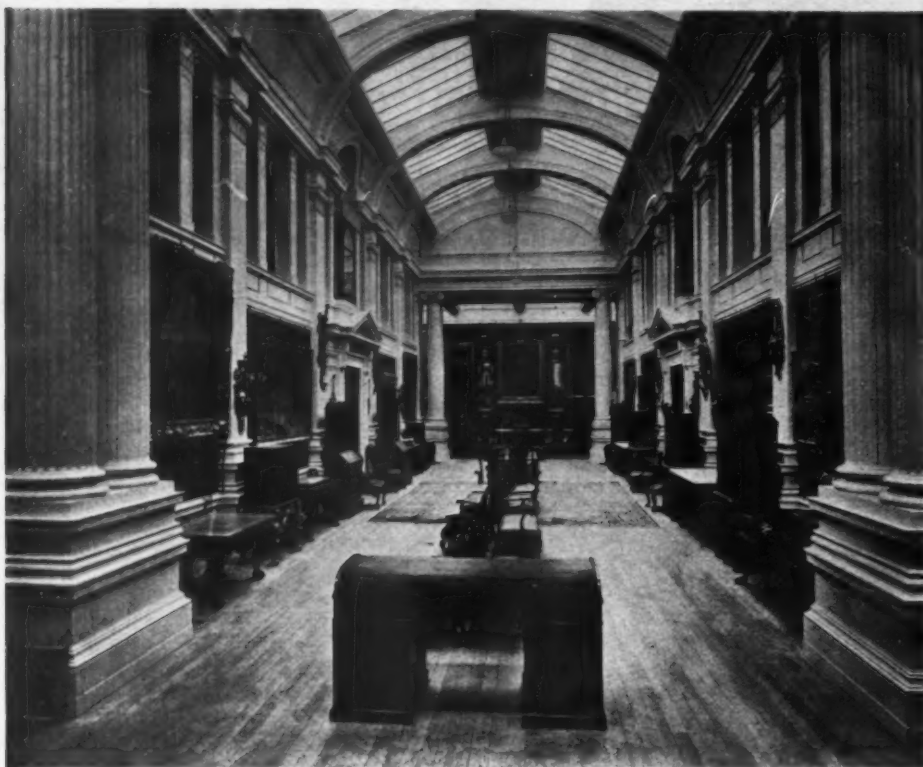
In the whirl of industrial development he found time to serve as High Sheriff of Lancashire and his full duties of citizenship. It was natural that he should become active in parliamentary deliberations. It would require volumes to

something of him in England. A more ardent patriot, loyal Britisher never lived. As he sat in the breakfast room at Thornton Manor, eating his morning meal, opening his mail, the sunlight shone upon the smiling features of the portrait on the wall.

"My wife always breakfasts with me," he said—a tender tribute to the helpmate who had passed on ten years before.

When he was given the honors of a baronet and made a Lord of the Realm, he chose to have his name linked with that of the maiden name of his wife, "Hulme." There are many occasions in the years that have elapsed since she left mortal life that he refers to the one who shared his struggles, honors and triumphs, and her memory and memorials continue on with the inspiration of her beautiful life.

In the flower gardens at Thornton Manor, at



THE CENTRAL HALL of the Lady Lever Art Gallery—a triumph of British art which, as Lord Leverhulme declared, is to show that the English product in art through the centuries has not been second to that of any nation in the world." No other art gallery, either public or private, in the world can compare with this supreme expression of artistic taste

the Hill at Hampstead, or in Stornoway Castle in the Island of Lewis, he seems to find the sweet remembrance of the pride of his youth. As he and the late Lady Lever planned and worked together, with the ideal betterment of helping others, he has continued in the memorial to her memory—the Lady Lever Art Gallery at Port Sunlight, opened by Princess Beatrice.

Only one other comparable tribute to the companion of man exists; it is that rare Taj Mahal, in India, where in one of the most exquisite fabrications of marble ever made by mortal, the potentate memorialized the wife of his heart. But the Taj Mahal is merely a shell. It is magnificent and beautiful, but is a splendid sarcophagus of love.

Lord Leverhulme's memorial to his lady transcends the Taj Mahal in that within it is one of earth's most superb arrays of the work of masters in art; marbles, bronzes, precious metals and gems, canvases arranged expertly; the collection of oil paintings, water colors, sculpture, engravings, potteries, tapestries, porcelains, Wedgwood and other wares, and rare furniture is lauded as the most complete ever gathered.

Lady Lever departed this life almost ten years ago, to the great grief of her consort and inseparable companion through all the years of endeavor, from the early days of hope through to the glorious day of fruition. Lord Lever of the time at once conceived a fitting memorial—the noblest art gallery possible for human contrivance to rear and equip with treasures. In the early spring of the following year, 1914, His Majesty, King George V laid the cornerstone, and since then Lord Leverhulme's principal duty has been with the wonderful work he planned, personally. The designs, the building, and the stocking of it have been his great care.

And now it stands, enduringly, at the Port

Sunlight Lady Lever loved; and in her memory as a living daughter of the Lord, as described by Solomon, the great gallery was dedicated to the public, free of all cost, for lofty purposes forever.

Long after Lord Leverhulme shall have rejoined his beloved comrade, lovers of art, students from every land, and all who benefit in any way from the glories and grandeurs and beauties of the noble gallery, will bless the gracious woman and the devoted man.

The gallery is a most spacious structure, of simple, classical design, constructed of Portland stone, time-defying and typical of the rugged soul of the land from whence it was quarried. The building is 364 feet in length and 140 feet in width, therefore covering an area of almost one and one-quarter acres. The natural lighting, arranged by masters, affords adequate setting revealing all the charms.

The gallery is a triumph of British art, and as Lord Leverhulme declared, "is to show that the English product in art through the centuries has not been second to that of any nation in the world. The works of the British school are all there."

An idea of the richness of the treasures which will surely be an objective of appreciative Americans touring the British Isles can be gleaned from a partial list of the objects. In the water colors, apart from those of the moderns, and not yet completed, are masterpieces by Turner, De Wint, Cox, Copley, Fielding, William Hunt, George Barrett, G. J. Pinwell, Sir Hubert Herkomer, Birket Foster and Sir Alfred East.

In the oils, are the rare Reynolds' "Venus Chiding Cupid"; then there are several Gainsboroughs, Romneys, Raeburns, and Hoppners. Contemporary French portraiture has a large space allotted. Then there are wonderful specimens from Constable, Crome, Turner, John

Linnell and James Holland. The pre-Raphaelite school is adequately represented by works of Millais, Holman-Hunt and Burne-Jones, Lord Leighton and Sir W. Q. Orchardson.

Connoisseurs declare the Lady Lever Gallery has no counterpart on earth; it is unique, a vast gift to the public, and above all is a token of that heart which "loving goes on to the end."

The time has come when monuments are reared to the men and women who have uplifted them morally, mentally or commercially—the glories of business genius.

At every point in his contact with people Lord Leverhulme seems to box the compass of thoughtfulness and helpfulness. As a story-teller he has been called the unofficial "Prime Minister of British Industry." There is a glint in his eye when he reaches the point of a story that scores a point in each tale that is vital and pertinent, for he will have his joke on the Scotch, as well as on every race. He is a champion of sense of humor as a reflection of true humility, for he knows how to laugh and enjoy jokes on himself.

His various visits to "The Attic" of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE have been occasions which those present will never forget. It was in "The Attic" that he heard for the first time the Radio and listened to a voice greeting him from far-off, through the air, telling that they were addressing the master-mind of industrial Britain.

In his career Lord Leverhulme represents the new type of altruistic crusaders in the world of commerce. His gospel has been the simple Golden Rule, with all its variations, taking the man or the woman by the hand, taking the boy or girl by the hand, and helping them to a knowledge of their task that does more than shouting or scolding. It is Bobby Burns in business—"A man's a man for a' that."

After the furious blast of barrage and roar of war, Nature teaches us of the great force of quiet thinking; the frost, sun, electric currents and the wireless, and without the clicking of instrument or buzz of wire, Nature speaks. Lord Leverhulme is pointing out these all-important overlooked essentials which might be called "The Apostle of speechless things."

He has brought workmen to see the glory and profit of tact and has shown how Bolshevism is encompassing its own ruin and destruction. Lord Leverhulme looms before the world as the Ambassador of Optimism and Hope, urging productive work and education as a road to individual happiness and mass content—the fulcrums on which the progress of civilization should rest.

When King George conferred upon him the Viscounty, his friends in the United States and all over the world felt that it was a recognition of true worth. His plant at Port Sunlight has been visited by Kings, Queens and eminent people from all over the world. It is an object lesson that all the world may see. With the honors bestowed upon him, reaching back to the ancient traditions of England, Viscount Leverhulme accepts them not as a recognition of his own personal achievements, but as a proof of the principles and policies with which he has persisted from the earliest hour of his manhood, representing the true nobility in the age of business, creating chevaliers of courtesy and cavaliers of kindness.

Lord Leverhulme has no magic secret of success; despite the fact that he bears a greater load of empire than any man on earth, no matter who may be the potentate considered, the support is visible to all.

King, president, dictator, has a limited tenure

of office, and thus cannot be compared with Lord Leverhulme as a burden-bearer.

He carries the load with comparative ease for the simple reason that Lord Leverhulme, a master, first of all mastered himself, learned to discipline himself in body and mind, and typifies the glory of that old text: "He who ruleth himself is greater than him who taketh a city."

The remarkable Briton, or rather citizen of the Anglo-Saxon world, at seventy-three hale and hearty as a grand oak tree, thinks less of a tour about the world to keep in personal contact with his own far-flung industries, than many men a generation his junior of taking a short business trip of a few days.

Alert, sturdy, eminently balanced and forceful with a propulsion, impelled by a clear brain, cool always, and yet above all a kindly human being, Lord Leverhulme, earth's greatest individual business man, is simple-wayed as a child.

Those whose occupation in life has kept them in contact with the outstanding figures in community, state, national or international affairs, early learn that the greater the man, the more plain man he is, with a fine cleavage marking the really great in their grand simplicity in all things. No hyperbole, no self-adulation, no beckoning hand to the sycophant.

His remarkable achievements mark him as one of the great figures of time; yet with all his vast cares and his huge responsibilities, Lord Leverhulme, gentle yet mighty, reminds one of a sublime natural force incarnate in a human.

Presently he is in America on the first leg of another world tour. The United States, Canada, Australia, Asia proper, Japan, the Philippines and Africa—all must be visited before he returns to his home in England; but such is the man's character that wherever you go from his St. Croix works to his empire's outpost in Japan, the heart of Africa to Port Sunlight in Britain, his very presence is felt always, through the spirit he has diffused everywhere he commands.

One of America's great thinkers said of him, a few years ago:

"Lord Leverhulme is the John the Baptist of the economic millennium, when we shall have no more wars, but peace, plenty and progress for all men of good will.

"All his fine dreams have come true, or are in process of coming.

"Go ask any worker in his army; they will tell you that he is more than employer; that he is philosopher, guide and friend to hosts of contented people.

"He planned and is ready at any time his people will, and work out the detail, to set up the six-hour day for his workmen and the five-day week; four shifts of six hours each in his industries, with two full days off for everyone.

"The labor people had not his vision, and at the time decided the idea of overtime, with double or triple pay, was better. He wisely concluded to continue the old six-day week and regular existing hours, until such time as the minds of the people and their leaders enlarged to a capacity to understand his wise philosophy and embrace it. Level-headed, a worker of workers, tranquil ever, with the simple faith of a little child combined with the wisdom of a great marshal, he studies every move from every angle before he launches it.

"As economist, industrialist and sterling citizen, Lord Leverhulme stands alone as the greatest man on earth today simply because he, first of all commanding himself, operates under plainly understood spiritual law in our natural world; the Golden Rule—framed in iron!"

He began life as William Hesketh Lever, and at sixteen started out on his life work. He took employment cutting and wrapping soap. He liked his task, but his nimble brain worked, too. He decided the soap business, eminently worthwhile as coadjutor to religion, as "cleanliness is next to godliness," and concluded to be a ruler in the realm of cleanliness.

His mind had conceived his future; very well. No more visions sporadic and ranging. He had cast his die and then came the planning. He studied and worked and studied and worked; so assiduously did he devote himself to his task that within four years he had won, by sheer merit, a substantial promotion and gained by having William Hesketh Lever control and drive William Hesketh Lever. He had early learned when to say "No" to himself—and also when to say "Yes" and stick to a decision carefully thought out.

When he was twenty-two he married, and with the union to the wonderful comrade of a lifetime, who, every minute until she left this realm for a higher sphere from which her spirit still sustains, comforts, and supports him, proved his star, literally, of faith, and hope, and too, charity.

From the moment of his marriage, literally, his larger career began.

• He had dreamed of a little factory of his own. Similar dreams have come to many a young benedict starting life—and in most cases the dream is dissipated for one reason or another,

principally because the young wife either cannot or will not understand that "ye twain are one in flesh and spirit."

His romantic rise was a glorious battle; but chivalric, honorable and at times heroic in its



LADY LEVER, in whose memory her husband, Lord Leverhulme, erected the wonderful monument of affection that will stand for centuries to come as the crowning work of a life of wonderful achievement

romance. It was a hard fight, and a long fight, before he evoked from Fortune that smile which endures.

It then was that the larger dream came in natural sequence, as a great scheme unfolding. More plants, better plants, a total control of the business from raw material, transport, manufacture and distribution; happier armies of workers, brighter conditions for them, all a part of a model industry grown great because the idea was sublime.

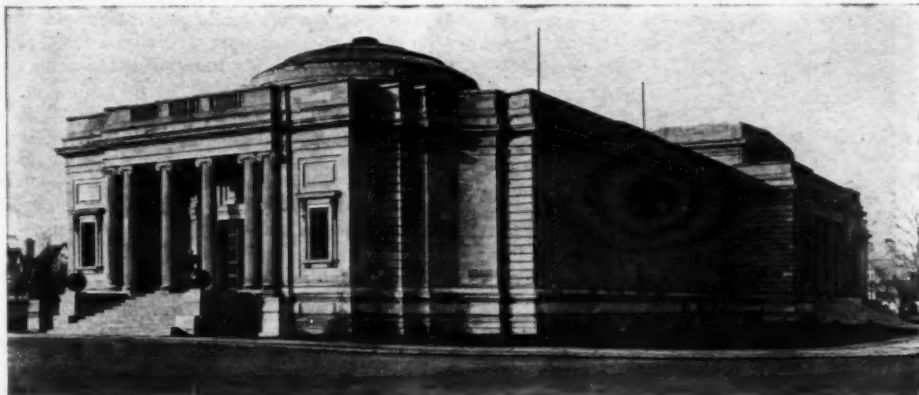
Now many, many times richer than men whose achievements are heralded as triumphs, his colors fly over enormous factories and enterprises in many lands. From his Port Sunlight town in England his ships sail the seven seas.

The Lord Leverhulme banners mark his ownership (although he in all sincerity calls it stewardship) in the Congo and other areas in Africa; in China, Japan, India, the Philippines, Switzerland, the United States, Australia and New Zealand, in Canada and South America—in short, his industry knows no parochial national bounds, but literally is everywhere.

And all because at the start he first learned to know himself and commanded himself. The rest was comparatively easy, because all his activities were superimposed on that basic principle: "Know thyself."

It is a characteristic of the man that before he uses an idea he tests it. No matter how alluring in theory, his is the practical mind which, although urged by vision, makes as sure as humans can be sure, before setting afloat any project.

Continued on page 30



THE LADY LEVER ART GALLERY at Port Sunlight, where Lord Leverhulme, who erected this strikingly beautiful memorial to the memory of his wife, has been working out the most extensive and interesting problem in industrial welfare ever successfully initiated. Lord Leverhulme devoted ten years' time and vast sums of money to making this the world's finest gallery of art

Alaska's First Native Novelist

Child of the mysterious brooding silence of that vast land of which we know so little, this young woman writer gives to the world its story

By RALPH
PARKER ANDERSON

AFTER reading "Where the Sun Swings North," you would picture its author, Barrett Willoughby, as a rough, hardened Alaskan who had been "through the mill" in a dozen ways and could swear with the best—or worst—of them.

But this is a world of surprises. "Barrett" is the middle name and "Florance" is Willoughby's first name! She is a small, attractive young woman, whom you wouldn't suspect of even knowing the things she writes about. But her life has been varied and filled with interesting adventures. She was born in Alaska and almost all her life she has roamed that glamorous land with her prospector father, travelling by dog-team, canoe and schooner. From babyhood, Miss Willoughby was her father's companion in his searches for furs, gold and adventure.

The little Alaskan girl often listened to the stories told around the winter fires by her father's friends "in off the trail"—miners from a stampede, sailors from a shipwreck, trappers from the Arctic, Siberia or the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, explorers, engineers and other picturesque men. Perhaps it was but natural that this little girl developed within herself, as the years went by, a story-telling instinct.

"It was a long time before I could see in my experiences anything worth writing about," Miss Willoughby told me. "Distant fields look greenest, and I envied those girls who were so fortunate as to live in 'the States,' where, it seemed to me, romance abounded.

"However, after I went to school in Seattle, I commenced to get a better perspective. The feeling gradually grew upon me that Alaska might be interesting to the people living in the big United States. I wanted them to know my country and love it as I do, so one day I resolved to go to San Francisco and write a book that would present Alaska truthfully. I had no money, it is true, but, not having been raised in civilization, I felt no sense of limitation. I simply borrowed some money—got a grub-stake as we say in Alaska—and started for California, which seemed a long way off to the folks at home.

"When I had seventeen chapters of my book written, I awoke one morning to the realization that I had only fourteen dollars of my grub-stake left—and fifteen more chapters to go on my book! I had read that the proper way to get a job in the States was to look in the 'Help Wanted' columns of a newspaper. This I did, and, with my usual good luck, I saw that an author wanted a secretary. It was a blind ad, but I wrote telling the literary man that I was ready to take the position. Then, feeling perfectly confident that the job was mine, I celebrated by going down town and spending ten of my fourteen dollars for an ounce of my favorite perfume. It is possible that I would have been a candidate for the poor-house if the literary man hadn't liked my letter and called upon me.

You can imagine my joy when I found that I was engaged as secretary to Frederick O'Brien, a writer of international importance!"

O'Brien is the author of "White Shadows in the South Seas," "Atolls of the Sun," and "Drifting Among South Sea Isles," as well as a large amount of short material.

After Miss Willoughby had worked for Frederick O'Brien some time, the author told her that he had received a large number of applications for the position advertised. He had accepted Miss Willoughby's because he liked the color of the stationery she used. So one's fate often hangs by slender threads!

The most difficult part of Miss Willoughby's job was getting O'Brien to write. As all his friends know, O'Brien postpones writing until far behind his publisher's schedule. So the young Alaskan used her spare time to write



FLORANCE BARRETT WILLOUGHBY, Alaska's first native novelist, in her own and favorite habitat. By force of circumstance as well as inclination, she knows the great wonderland of the north as intimately as most men who have penetrated its secret places—and writes of them with charm and understanding

"Where the Sun Swings North," and it was accepted by Putnam, the first publisher to whom she submitted the manuscript. Then Miss Willoughby resigned her position and became a full-fledged writer herself. She has written many articles about Alaskan people and places, selling them to *Sunset* and other magazines. She has sold short stories to *Everybody's*, *The American Magazine* and others. A particularly good story of hers, "The Law of the Trap Line," appeared in *The American Magazine* of November, 1923.

TO Barrett Willoughby, there is no other land like Alaska. As the first native-born Alaskan writer, she believes that she has an important duty in portraying her country as it really is. She greatly resents the untruths that have been written about Alaska. While she has no desire to write "the great American novel," she does intend to write the great Alaskan novel—and I, for one, believe that she will succeed in writing it.

There is just one subject that Miss Willoughby likes better than writing—and that is Alaska. She can talk for hours about any phase of her country.

"In my books," she explained, "I aim to show first of all my country, Alaska, as it is—its lure, its beauty, its friendliness, its bounteousness, and too its loneliness and its terror.

"Alaska is a land one-fifth as large as the whole United States, with winters varying from those as mild as Northern California to those as severe as Kamchatka. It stands to reason that each locality leaves its own particular stamp upon the inhabitants. A story of Southeastern Alaska would be just as different from a story of the Aleutian Peninsula as Texas is different from the state of Washington. Many fiction writers don't appreciate Alaska's size and the differences between various sections."

"What steps do you take when you intend to write a story?" I asked.

"I take some particular locality of Alaska, study the physical aspects of it—the mountains, the rivers, the lakes and the sea. I also study the weather conditions, for weather has a marked influence on character.

"Then I take some of the people peculiar to that locality—though of course I never use them as they are. When I have created characters of my own, I think about them a long time before writing a line about them. I see them living in that particular locality which I aim to picture. I see how they react to it. I know what Alaska does to them. I know them like close friends before I make a plot for my story or start to write it."

Miss Willoughby is writing a travel book about Alaska. Parts of it will be published serially in the *Century Magazine*, and it will be published later as a book. In connection with her travel book, she remarked, "I haven't worked for Frederick O'Brien without learning something about writing travel books." There is one thing

Continued on page 23

The Westminster of America

How the dream of Joseph Nourse, friend of Washington and Jefferson, came to be fulfilled in the greatest temple of God on this continent—the Washington Cathedral

By KATHLEEN
TEMPLETON

FROM the very moment of the inception of the idea of the Washington Cathedral, it has met with wide response and has gradually grown in favor; but since it has enfolded beneath its wings all that is mortal of the world's most illustrious advocate of peace, Woodrow Wilson, all eyes are centered upon it, and the question, "Will it become a Westminster Abbey of America?" takes on new interest.

Bishop James Edward Freeman is one of the most interesting figures in the religious world of today. He performed the "last sad rites of the church" over the remains of Mr. Wilson, and when asked as to his idea of making this great structure the "American Westminster Abbey," he said:

"Nothing in Great Britain is held in deeper affection than Westminster Abbey, because it enshrines the dust of the foremost men and women who have given to the country its distinction and power. We of America have lived so fast, and have grown so rapidly that we have not had time, evidently, for the finer things of sentiment. I believe that the National Cathedral as the place of sepulture for our great dead, as well as for monuments and memorials setting forth their virtues and service to the nation, will prove a center of inspiration, especially for our youth, of incalculative value. How fitting it seems to have the body of Woodrow Wilson find its last resting place in this 'Temple of Peace!' Over the doorway through which he was borne is the legend, 'The Way of Peace.' History will always accord him a foremost place as an apostle of peace.

"There is no doubt about it, we gather inspiration from a building that speaks to us not only of the glory of God, but also of the service of those, who, in life, have contributed to the weal and happiness of their fellows. I may say that Mr. Wilson spoke to me repeatedly about the importance of building here in the capital this great cathedral church. In one of his interviews with me he said, 'I believe it is possible for you to make this National Cathedral a great spiritual force in the life of the nation.'

"One of the things we expect to develop here, and it is supremely needed, is a college of preaching, or what I prefer to call 'A School of the Prophets,' men capable of reaching the masses of the people, who will preach to them, not so much in churches, as in the great open spaces where large multitudes may be gathered. The church today must go to the people with its message. Last fall, here on the Cathedral grounds, on one single occasion, I preached to thirty-seven thousand people. Of course no church could contain such a multitude. The effect produced by such a gathering is in itself a mighty inspiration. With the Cathedral as a background, we purpose to make the preaching ministry the most outstanding thing in its administration. As illustrative of the popularity of this plan, we raised in six days right here in Washington \$1,115,000.

"The unthinking say that religion has lost its grip on the people, but this is obviously untrue. I hold that nothing is more popular, rightly purveyed, than religion, and preaching of the right kind has never been more acceptable than now."

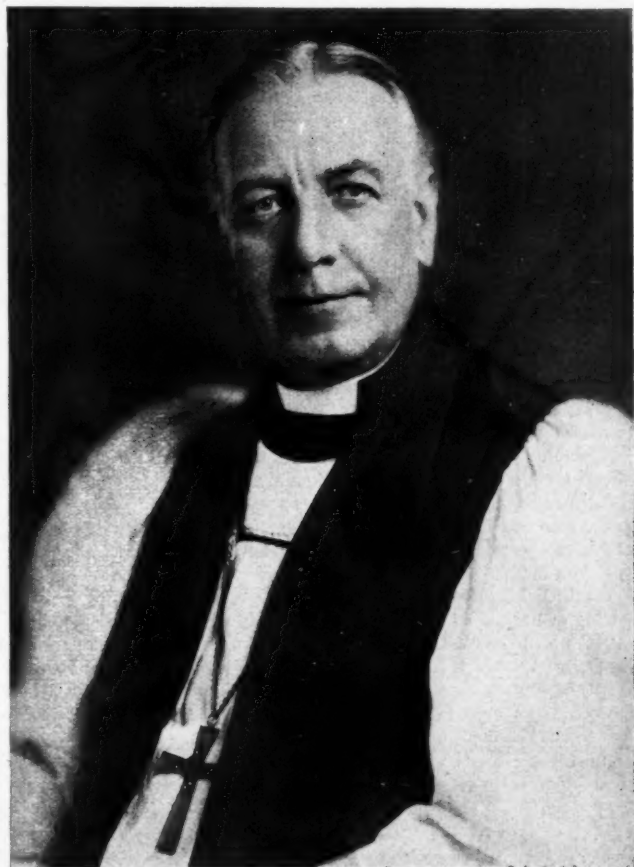
The cathedral, when completed, will be the finest on the Western Hemisphere, and one of the four greatest in the world. Enthroned upon the highest point in the district, with its picturesque settings, it will dominate the entire surrounding landscape. Many great oaks had to be removed

to give place to the foundation of the Nave, but it is interesting to know that they will furnish the oak for the carved stalls and the woodwork of the choir.

The seating capacity is estimated at five thousand and the standing room at twenty-seven thousand. There will be three chapels, and many fine art conceptions are to be expressed in the interior fittings. The Jerusalem Altar, which was consecrated on Ascension day, 1902, was taken from the supposed quarries of King Solomon and the ledge of rock from which the sepulchre of Christ was hewn; the Jordan font is made of stone from the river Jordan; the Bishop's seat, from stones taken from the ancient British Abbey of Saints Peter and Paul, from which the official name of this American cathedral is derived; the marble pulpit, which was contributed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, commemorates Stephen Langton, the archbishop who led the barons when the Magna Charta was taken from the hands of King John. The bronze lecturn, the gift of the late Chaplain Charles C. Pierce, of the United States Army, is cast from an old cannon taken in the Spanish War and used as an open-air pulpit. And many other things of interest might be mentioned; but the Bethlehem Chapel, the first part of the structure

to be completed, at the present time holds the center of attention.

The altar, which rests upon the foundation stone of the structure, was brought direct from the fields of Bethlehem, and bears the inscription, "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." Inlaid into a piece of American granite, it was set in place on September 29, 1907, in the presence of President Roosevelt and twenty thousand people. The corner-stone of the chapel was laid on All Saints Day, 1910, and was consecrated to the worship of God and as a loving memorial to Bishop Henry Satterlee, the first bishop of Washington, who with his wife and others of clerical distinction, lies buried before this altar. And here beneath this little chapel



BISHOP JAMES EDWARD FREEMAN has had a remarkable career. Following fifteen years' experience in the legal and accounting department of the Long Island and the N. Y., N. H. & H. railroads he completed a theological course under Bishop Potter and was given the degree of D.D. by the Seabury Divinity School in 1913. He was assistant rector of St. John's Church, Yonkers, N. Y., during 1904-5, rector of St. Andrews' Memorial Church of Yonkers, 1894-10, and of St. Mark's Church, Minneapolis, from 1920 to 1921. He was the founder of Hollywood Inn (a workingman's club) in Yonkers and developed similar clubs in Minneapolis. He declined an election as bishop coadjutor of Western Texas in 1911. He is the author of several books on religious and sociological topics.



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THE WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL, the most impressive, beautiful and magnificent church edifice in America, dominating the Washington landscape from its situation on Mount St. Alban, the highest land in the District of Columbia, is the direct outgrowth of the prayers and dreams of the first registrar of the United States—Washington's personal friend, and a member of the Church of England

now rests the remains of that renowned devotee of peace—the late Woodrow Wilson. The entrance to the Bethlehem chapel is through the doorway on the south of the crypt, so far-famed as "The Way of Peace."

It seems that this wonderful structure in

stone is to be the answered prayer—the fulfillment of the dream of Joseph Nourse, the first registrar of the United States Treasury, who was a personal friend of Washington and Jefferson, and a member of the Church of England. This deeply religious man owned a tract of land, a

part of which today is included in the Cathedral Close.

He lived in a spacious colonial mansion on this hill, in full view of the infant city. His constant prayer was that a church might one day crown these heights. At his death his mansion was fitted up as a church school for boys, and an upper room was set apart as a chapel for the students and the religious people of the community. Among these worshippers was his own granddaughter, who later became an invalid, and the tradition of her grandfather's prayer led her to do the very thing which was to bring about his wonderful dream. She did needlework, which found sale among her friends, but said nothing of her purpose. After her death, in 1848, forty gold dollars were found in a small box among her belongings, with the designation in writing, "For a free church on Alban hill."

With these precious gold dollars as a nucleus, and this beautiful thought as an inspiration, a little church was soon assured which was to be the cornerstone of the greatest cathedral or temple of God on the continent. Miss Nourse's own brother and the boys of the school excavated the foundation for this church, and on May 25, 1857, nine years after her death, this church—the first in the diocese of Washington—was consecrated by Bishop Whittingham, of Maryland. Thus it was that this parish church became the Mother church of the Cathedral; and it now enjoys the distinction of "the Church within the Cathedral Gate," it having the same organic connection with the Cathedral which is sustained by every other parochial unit.

Alaska's First Native Novelist (Continued from page 20)

of which I am certain about the travel book—every detail will be correct.

The young authoress has also written another Alaskan novel, "Rocking Moon." *The American Magazine* has accepted it for serial publication, and during 1925 it will come out in book form.

Miss Willoughby is almost a "nut" on truth-to-facts and accuracy. She returned to this subject, saying: "While I do not claim that my novels are anything but fiction, I do aim to make them true to the country. A novel, to my mind, has no excuse for being unless it depicts some phase of life truthfully. Most of my fiction is based on facts."

I asked Miss Willoughby to tell about the setting of her next novel.

"It's a novel with a fox-island setting—a fur-farm where blue foxes are raised for the market," she explained. "I have known much about these farms all my life, being an Alaskan, yet I spent last summer actually living the life on an island 'way up on the Aleutian Peninsula—about three thousand miles from San Francisco—where a friend of mine has a fur-farm."

"Before I wrote a line of the book, I studied books on fur farming, and I have everything that the Government has issued on the subject of blue foxes. I even subscribe for a fox magazine."

"I have tide-tables for that locality, data on the flowers, trees, seaweed, kelp, birds and fish found in the section I am using."

"The point of all this is that it's important for a writer to gather all the available information before he attempts to write about any subject, even though he chooses to write fiction."

Seems to me that's good advice for people in

other fields, too. There would be fewer business failures if more men studied all the facts before venturing into a business, and fewer divorces if love-sick youngsters studied their future partners before taking the fatal step.

"So many ridiculous things have been written about Alaska," Miss Willoughby added, "that it is a matter of pride with me to write so that no discrepancy may be found in my stuff—if I can help it. I simply want to take readers into my country and introduce them to the 'home folks.'"

ONE of the most effective parts of "Where the Sun Swings North," is that section which describes the experiences of the various characters during many months spent on an island, cut off from civilization and without sufficient food. This, too, is based on fact, for the Willoughby family, while Florance was a child, spent nine months on an island where they were near starvation several times.

One reason for Florance Barrett Willoughby's success is that her alert mind is always on the subject of writing. Whether she is in a theatre or riding on a street car, she watches for interesting people with fiction possibilities. Whenever she hears a clever bit of conversation, she notes it down and files it systematically. She realizes the importance of "knowing thyself," and analyzes her own reactions.

The young Alaskan is a likeable person—friendly, hospitable, broad-minded and with a keen sense of humor. She has that quality of sympathetic understanding that is so essential to success in writing.

She has little mannerisms—motions of the hands, shakes of the head—that one remembers long after meeting her. While talking, she concentrates on her subject, imitating the characters she is discussing.

Miss Willoughby told about a spooky place she had visited. She had fairly revelled in the spookiness of the atmosphere. She reminded me of Sir James M. Barrie's character who found himself making notes about his feelings the hour before his marriage.

Many are the anecdotes Miss Willoughby tells about her former boss, Frederick O'Brien. One day, Miss Willoughby told the South Seas writer about a very pathetic scene in a motion picture. O'Brien laughed and ridiculed the sentimentality of the plot. He said that it reminded him of that worn-out scene showing the unmarried mother forced out into the cold world by stern parents, about the pitiful appearance of the baby—as he talked, his descriptions were vivid, and suddenly there were tears in O'Brien's eyes as well as in those of his secretary! So Frederick O'Brien had to admit that touching scenes were not "all bunk."

Miss Willoughby believes in being systematic. She has filing systems that might well create jealousy in the heart of any efficiency expert. She keeps individual envelopes for some of her characters, and places in these envelopes characteristic bits of dialogue, descriptive paragraphs, possible happenings. She has filed, carefully, an amazingly large quantity of material.

Good luck to you, Florance Willoughby! May your name soon become synonymous with "Alaska" in the minds of American readers!

Face to Face with Celebrities

Flashlight glimpses of those outstanding personalities in business, politics, literature, science, art, music and the drama who serve as milestones in human progress to mark the advancement of the world

Wellesley is a word that means much to American women aspiring to higher education, and yet it is not an old school surrounded with tradition, but it seems to have been born at a time when the women of America were coming into their own. Every president of Wellesley has been a leader—and Ellen Fitz Pendleton, president of the Wellesley of today, is a leader in the educational world.

A few decades past, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fowle Durant, living on their country estate amid the beautiful Wellesley Hills, in the shadow of a great sorrow, their beloved son was taken—a lad of unusual beauty and promise—in his ninth year. From that time the bereaved parents felt there was only one thing to do—to



ELLEN FITZ PENDLETON says: "Essentially the age of women, it is important for girls to be educated. A woman's devotion is as intense in ideals and education as in the matters of the heart and home life."

make his remembrance a fitting memorial. This hundred acres of picturesque upland and meadow was given as a school for women. Mrs. Durant had been engaged in the work of the Young Women's Christian Association of Boston. The new institution was born with striking completeness and was dedicated to God and Christianity. "Christ first in everything," was the impassioned watchword of its founders. The motto selected was, "Non ministrari sed ministrare."

Uncompromising in its highest standards in education, to illustrate "feminine purity and delicacy and refinement giving their lustre and their power to the most absolute science," the Wellesley ideal was born.

In 1876, these ideals were somewhat revolutionary, but Wellesley at once became a factor in the education of American women. Daughters and grand-daughters of those first graduates are awaiting their turn for entrance to Wellesley.

When Ellen Fitz Pendleton became president she rallied her associates to the herculean task of

raising the great fund required to meet the demands made upon the new Wellesley. Contributions poured in—not by dollars, but by millions. Far afield were found Wellesley graduates—teachers in schools, women leaders in all parts of the world. There is a quiet atmosphere of achievement generated at Wellesley without the usual arrogance and caste of education. During the World War, this spirit of helpfulness was put to the test and the record overseas of Wellesley girls "set the watch" and did not let Wellesley tradition fail.

Ellen Pendleton has seen Wellesley rise Phoenix-like out of the ashes of buildings burned into a greater Wellesley. Tall and stately, with gray hair and strikingly firm, but kind features, she bears the distinction of leadership. A native of Westerly, Rhode Island, she graduated from Wellesley College in 1891, and later studied at Newnham College, Cambridge, England. Beginning as an instructor and associate professor of Mathematics in Wellesley, she became College Secretary and served for nine years as Dean until June, 1911, when she became President.

Miss Pendleton believes in the educated woman, and commented:

"I believe that any home is happier with a mother who is able to teach her children. Even the contact of education is helpful. It is association and ideals in these formative years of a girl's life that count. Other circumstances may disturb the life current, but a woman's devotion may be just as intense in ideals and education, as in matters of the heart and home life."

Miss Pendleton has emphasized the home ideals at Wellesley:

"Essentially the age of women, it is important that girls of today should be well educated. Women are now an active part of the political life of the nation and an important factor in the adjustment of economic problems in city, town, state and nation, to say nothing of the broader field of human activities."

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Little Miss "Smith" of Toronto—the World's Moving Picture Favorite

In her New York hotel suite, I saw a Mary Pickford who is not known on the screen. There she was before us in the flesh. A wealth of wavy blonde hair, deep-mirrored dark eyes, lips that make the perfect curves for a winsome smile, little hands that gestured with emphasis, and a face aglow with earnestness—the maturity of the bright witching personality I had met years ago. Attired in simple black, with a touch of white lace in neck and sleeves, a tiny string of pearls and dainty Japanese embroidered slippers, she appeared like a cameo, a dainty bit of Dresden, aglow with life and vigor—etched deep in a personality that cannot be portrayed in pictures.

"I believe Motion Pictures is an art and we

should have a school. Our great genius may not have yet appeared, but remember dramas for the stage have not surpassed those of Shakespear.

"My stage career began at five years of age. Mother was an actress—and I was born in Toronto in the atmosphere of the theatre—and this helped me later in pictures. When I think of how much more I might have done with specific training—how much I could have been saved from hard knocks, I believe in a Motion Picture School. It would at least sift out those who imagine that motion pictures just grow—like Topsy."

Her big eyes softened as she continued:

"In those early days at the studio, I remained and watched the work with Mr. Griffith long after my hours were over. I watched the successful stars for a suggestion of how I might succeed. Then, it suddenly dawned on me—I'll just be myself, Mary Pickford—with dreams of seeing the name in electric lights on Broadway.

"You cannot know a thing until you feel it. When I see an old man or woman, I find myself actually feeling a deep sympathy for the loneliness of age. When we hear of a death—we think of ourselves as someone in the family. Then, we note the age and compute our own years. This does not mean that we do not sympathize—it means that we can feel for others through ourselves and that the law of self-preservation is showing."

She "cut back" to childhood days.

"My first sweetheart was 'Sammy,' a little boy in school with curly hair—I do not remember his name—but he was my first ideal of what a boy should be. Yes, I attended a Methodist Sunday School and never could understand why the devil was put into the world and why Christmas



MARY PICKFORD says: "My stage career began at five years of age." "I believe in a Motion Picture School."

presents came more for the rich children than for the poor. Christ was born in a manger."

Millions of young girls—to say nothing of the boys and their elders—love the Mary Pickford of pictures, indicated by the letters received requesting photographs—more than has been received by a President.

From the first days when she played little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," on the stage, to that first picture, "Hearts Adrift," on to the last, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," Mary Pickford has had a persistent purpose—to give herself unreservedly and seriously to the art of pictures.

The German and Russian buyers protest the happy ending of Pickford pictures—they want death and terror in all the ghastly grimness of reality. But Mary Pickford is firm in her purpose to scatter as much sunshine and happy endings as possible on the screen.

"We have enough of tragedy in real life. It was a strain to play 'Tess of the Storm Country,' but I tried to follow Hardy's conception. Years later, handling my own company, I did the picture over again, because I was not satisfied with the first attempt."

This is the only case in which a star ever produced the same picture twice for artistic reasons. What could be more characteristic of Mary Pickford's persistence? The Business Department called this a waste of money when the movie fans were waiting for new Pickford pictures, but the individuality of Mary Pickford was here asserted—she believes in pictures as an art aside from the box-office considerations.

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Hudson Maxim—The Inventor of Smokeless Powder

"Down East"—rather than up-east—in Piscataquis County, Maine, in 1853, at a village called "Orneville," a lad was born under an explosive star—or was it a comet? Attending the Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill, Maine, Hudson Maxim had a good Methodist training.

Launching into the subscription book publishing business in 1883 at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, he came in contact with people—talking over things. At the age of thirty years he became interested in explosives—that seemed to be an open field—and his knowledge of chemistry was utilized.



HUDSON MAXIM says: "I live as the spirit moves me. Freedom in individual living is as dear as freedom of country."

It was this same Hudson Maxim who invented smokeless powder, and still favors things smokeless—he dislikes tobacco smoke, smoking automobiles and young women smoking cigarettes. These are smokeless problems he has not solved.

In 1897 Hudson Maxim sold his smokeless powder invention to E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company and is now consulting engineer and expert in the development department of that company.

An ardent opponent of Prohibition and the Eighteenth Amendment, he started to broadcast his ideas in a radio speech. He talked vigorously for thirty minutes at the microphone, only to find someone had pulled the plug after his overture, and the speech was lost on the desert air, except to the announcer.

Discovering that Hudson Maxim exploded with real T.N.T. force. After Washington fashion, he started an investigation to find who it was that "censored the air." His answer was a request to repeat the speech, which he refused to do, but the radio fans have their ears cocked.

"The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language," was the title of his first book. There was no mention of salt-petre in its pages but it reflected the dynamic power of the author. In 1916 he published his famous "Dynamite Stories"—full of T.N.T.—and became president of the Aeronautical Society of New York. He caught the urge of speed through his study of explosives.

At his Lake Hopatcong home, Maxim Park, near the post-office called Landing, in New Jersey, Hudson Maxim lives in defiance of all laws of regularity. It was here I found him at the punching bag, and there were some real punches being made.

"He is a real caveman," said his wife smiling as she looked admiringly upon her husband as he gave another punch after shaking hands. His gray beard and white hair give him the appearance of a poet. The romance which began in England twenty-eight years ago, was here revealed in the home. In London, England, in 1896, he married Lilian Durban and still maintains it is a privilege to go into the kitchen to help his wife with the cooking, insisting he has a real home and the transplanted gymnasium is merely an additional luxury.

"More than all my other achievements, I glory in the fact that at seventy-one I have health and vigor and can even play the part of Neptune in a pagent with crown, spear and spangles, if called upon."

And his pink cheeks tell the story. Dropping his eyes coyly he whispered in an aside:

"I can hear a mosquito breathe a mile away."

In his black eyes is mirrored the love of a joke, for he has the Down-East, quaint sense of humor. When asked about his mode of living, he responded in a quick and impulsive way:

"I do precisely what I want to; I sleep when I feel like it, in a bed or in a chair; I eat at any time and eat everything; I bathe when I feel like it, sometimes three or four times a day, sometimes once a week, and in either hot or cold water; I live as the spirit moves me. Freedom in individual living is as dear as freedom of country."

In his library were machine guns, rifles, shells and mementoes of the grim game of war. One would scarcely think that the home on the hill, overlooking the lake, is the castle of the world's great explosive inventor—Hudson Maxim. It is a domicile of a man who gets the real punch out of life.

Charles M. Schwab—The World's Greatest Salesman and Business Personality

When a lad, Charles M. Schwab drove mules on a stage coach for the Carnegie Steel Company, and he played the piano for Andrew Carnegie at dusk after one hard day's work. He won the heart of the steel master for he could play not only the piano and organ, but he knew just how to play on the feelings to make one beam with good-nature. Charles Schwab knew that the Iron Master did not smoke; knew that he disliked smokers, so he did not smoke, not even a tiny cigarette, in his presence. Moreover, he had become conversant with matters all over the



CHARLES M. SCHWAB says: "There is nothing like being your own natural self. Even a darn fool is interesting."

plant; had a memory for every detail, but above all, Charles Schwab knew the men—the watchman, the puddler, the foreman—they all liked him.

What Charles Schwab did before the war would have constituted an eminent career, and would have entitled him to a place in the list of America's "Famous Men," but what he did during the war won for him enduring honors as a patriot. He was director-general of the shipbuilding of the U. S. Emergency Fleet Corporation and "stood by" to see a new ship launched every day—when every minute counted.

After the President had assigned him the job to build ships, his first stop was Philadelphia. He decided that here was the logical place for headquarters, where material and men could be quickest mobilized. He entered a large office building and asked the janitor to take him to the landlord.

"How much rental for your entire building?"

"I have contracts and leases; I cannot consider any proposition."

"I've decided that we must have this building. Uncle Sam's interests come first. You can move the tenants for we must move in quickly," he said with a smile.

Schwab is a man of action—he got the building. "I must have two million dollars," he said to a New York banker one day, as simply as if he was asking for a glass of water.

"That's a lot of money and I don't think we can arrange it. What is the collateral?"

"Charles M. Schwab, and he needs it right now. It will be paid on the due date of this note I'm handing you."

He had written the note and had had it ready for the answer—and he got the two millions.

While he continues to tell his "cow story" at banquets he keeps the country smiling and hopeful.

Born in Williamsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1862, he spent his early childhood at Loretto, Pennsylvania, where he operates a farm. He began work for the Carnegie Company, and later was a stake driver in the engineering corps in the Edgar Thompson Steel Works, eventually becoming superintendent at the famous Homestead Mills in 1889.

As president of the Carnegie Steel Company he became the active representative of Andrew Carnegie. Later he organized the Bethlehem Steel Company and has been a prominent figure in the steel industry for a generation. The late Theodore N. Vail said he was the world's greatest salesman. He has been known to go out and sell a battleship before breakfast.

Intensely American, Charles Schwab is one employer who has commanded the confidence of laboring men. The smiling face, liquid shining dark eyes, hair carefully combed, fine set of teeth, and jolly way would enable him to win votes on a Bolshevik ticket in Back Bay, Boston. Insisting upon seeing the bright side of things, he proclaims himself an inveterate optimist.

Whether walking through the hotel corridor, or the steel mills he has the lively, sturdy step of the man with a definite purpose ahead. Books and music are his hobby.

"After all," he said when I last saw him, "there is nothing like being your own natural self. Even a genuine fool is interesting." And he looked hard at the head waiter.

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Elihu Root—The Master Legal Mind of America

Before me in his home library in New York City stood Elihu Root, master mind, bearing the honors of public service. It recalled the words of a President: "I would walk on my hands and knees from the White House to the Capitol to see Elihu Root President." Theodore Roosevelt in the early days of his late administration reflected the sentiment of the country when the question of his successor was mentioned. And again, Warren G. Harding, when he became President, remarked, "If I only had the wisdom of Senator Root, combined with my patience, I might expect to do great things."



ELIHU ROOT says: "I cannot conceive a complete career without some public service."

At the age when Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated (fifty-four) Elihu Root responded to the urgent call of William McKinley to become a member of his Cabinet.

"That was the time when my real life began. I cannot conceive a complete career without some public service."

There was a quiet ring of patriotism in that utterance.

It would require many pages of an encyclopedia to list all the honors modestly borne, that have come to this American master mind.

In twenty-five years of public service Elihu Root accomplished much and his work endures. Secretary of War in McKinley's Cabinet, he had much to do with the formation of the government of the Philippines and Cuba. Later as Secretary of State under Roosevelt he proved equal to the intricacies of international relations.

The simple life story of Elihu Root is an inspiration to young America. Visiting his birthplace at Clinton, New York, where he was born in 1845, I felt the influences still remaining that shaped his career. Professor Orrin Root was an instructor in mathematics, and his son, Elihu, acquired the nick-name of "square root" and proved a good student even if his father was a member of the faculty.

Elihu Root began his busy life career as a teacher at the Rome, New York, Academy. He then took up the study of law in earnest and there never was a doubt about his passing examinations. He began the practice of law in New York City and his rise was rapid. As U. S. District Attorney in 1883 he launched his public career. As delegate-at-large to the New York Constitutional Convention in 1894, he helped frame the new constitution of the Empire State. The year 1899 marks the beginning of his public achievements. In the United States Senate from 1909 to 1915, he added further to the ripe honors of service in the Cabinet. Appointed as one of the four American Delegates for the Limitation of Armament at the Washington Conference in 1921, he took his place as a world statesman, and from this experience was evolved a plan for a world court and the checking of the barbarous use of gas in warfare. The result of "conversations" of nine allied nations at that conference resulted in eight historical treaties.

Rather small and spare in stature, with iron-gray hair, unruly of pompadour regulation, he has the appearance of a sage and student. A slow, hesitating way of talking—a high falsetto voice, giving emphasis to the right word in the right place—he speaks with precise diction, every word and phrase fitting like a mosaic to the idea. When his eyes begin to twinkle you understand there is a sense of humor that is irresistible. He addressed me with this poetic phrase:

"In these disgruntled times your bouyant spirit shines out like autumn leaves in a cedar swamp."

Bringing to his public work the full maturity of one who combined wisdom and legal experience he has clarified international complexities to a common understanding of the people.

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Jane Addams—Who Truly Merits the Title of World Citizen

Small towns have a way of contributing much to the big cities. It has been so for many years. Peacefully, there rests one of these small towns out in Illinois, about twelve miles from that mysterious line which divides the state from Wisconsin. This is a village with a blacksmith shop, a mill by the stream, and most of the homes have orchards in the back yard. You have never



JANE ADDAMS says: "Oriental women are very active in Oriental affairs. Three are sitting in the Council at Bombay."

heard of it, so I will tell you the name by which it is recognized from either end of the "depot." It's Cedarville.

Cedarville surrendered its most valued product to Chicago. She was Miss Jane Addams—and in fact still is Miss Jane Addams. Chicago gained much for she gave them the famous Hull House, the first social settlement in America.

The other day when I talked to Miss Addams in New York, she said with a twinkle in her eye, "I won't say how many years ago it was when I went to the Hull House, but it is more than twenty-five." In lieu of such modesty, I will have to say that she opened the Hull House in 1889. Then—I might add to that little mathematical problem: She was four years old when President Lincoln was assassinated. Looking into those gray eyes which sparkle with youth and radiate their depth of understanding, it was difficult to comprehend the span of her great usefulness as America's most eminent woman. She is yet young gauged by the ardor and intensity with which she continues her work.

"My dear Double D'ed Addams:" is the way that Lincoln would start his letters to Miss Addams' father, who was his close personal friend and supporter, serving in the Illinois Senate during the Civil War period. The Addams family was large, there being three sisters older than Jane. When she went away to school, it was to Rockford College. After Rockford, she decided to become a physician and studied in the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia. Her attitude was always that of a student, which led her to travel abroad at the end of a year's medical course. In London she saw Toynbee Hall and the work being done for the poor. It was the turning point of her career, for Jane Addams got her inspiration there to do the same thing in the United States. She returned to Chicago.

Hull House in the beginning was one small home formerly belonging to one of Chicago's pioneer citizens by the name of Charles Hull. A friend let her have it rent free. Generally speaking, it was located on Halstead Street in the center of the Nineteenth Ward, amongst much squalor and confusion. Specifically speaking, it was located between an undertaking establishment and a saloon. She made a home among the poor of all nations, for there were Italians, Irish, Bohemians, Poles, Russians, Jews, Scandinavians and many other races in this most cosmopolitan section. She became counsellor, friend, nurse and chaplain to all.

Eventually she made it the most complete social settlement in the world.

Truly Jane Addams has been a citizen of the world, for her interests have been many and she has been a mighty factor in labor legislation, Child Welfare, Woman Suffrage, and the Woman's Peace Party. At one time or another nearly all women have been enlisted under her leadership. She has always championed the cause of women. I wouldn't go so far as to say that she is a feminist, but I will say that from Miss Addams' conversation of her recent trip in the Orient, interesting though it was, I could not be sure that there were any "men in the picture" at all—and she spoke of Shanghai, Bombay, Calcutta, Korea, Tokio, and Manilla.

"The younger generation of India resent the idea that they ride around on painted elephants—they wish to bury that ghost," commented Miss Addams. "Oriental women are very active in Oriental affairs. This impressed me most. You know England has given suffrage to the women of India. They are sitting in the council at Bombay. The women of India feel that it is up to them now to show what it might have been if the men had not had such a great advantage in the start."

Referring to Great Britain, she added, "England was conquered by the Irish and given to the Scotch—and now I must be on my way to make a radio address!" Jane Addams is busy—and always will be.

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Harry Houdini—The Man of Magic as a Crusader

Mention "Houdini" and one thinks of magic, but the Houdini of today is more than a magician. When addressing audiences over the country, exposing many of the tricks of spiritualism, Houdini becomes a crusader. In a kindly way he proceeds with a lecture of fascinating interest. Photographs showing that he, too, has met and exchanged secrets with many well-known spiritualists are produced, but he explains how the pictures were made. In a seance with Sir Conan Doyle he was shown a letter purporting to have come from his mother in Spiritland, but the fact that it was in the English language and his mother never spoke the English language while she lived on earth, was not explained fully to Houdini's satisfaction.

Ever since he left his birthplace, Appleton,



HARRY HOUDINI says: "The longer I live, the more I am convinced that the power of thought is the magic of magics."

Wisconsin, where he was born on a bright April day in 1874, to make his way in the world, Houdini continued a loyal son—he remained his mother's devoted sweetheart to the last. The son of Rabbi Samuel Weiss, the young man legally changed his name to "Houdini." In the public schools he amazed and amused his playmates with tricks and acrobatic feats. As a trapeze performer he began his world travels.

He studied people and himself and calculated on what he could and what others could *not* do,—and became a magician. Awarded a prize by the Australian Aeronautical League as early as 1910, he has the distinction of being the first successful flyer in Australia.

With a genius for making friends, Houdini is a personality who would achieve distinction in any vocation. In unlocking the secrets of handcuffs he has baffled experts, and when he appears dripping wet from the tank act, the people gasp and cheer, although they see it time after time.

Few men have traveled as Houdini, and it matters not where he is, for with Mrs. Houdini by his side he is at home—no more devoted pals ever lived. Houdini has a way of "doing marvelous things" right under your eye and yet smiles blandly and tells you it is all a trick.

The same tank that he uses in his play was inspected by the Kaiser when he gave an exhibition in Germany years ago. The Crown Prince, then a small lad, disregarding his new uniform, crawled inside to inspect the tank and came out with his clothes covered with grease, but he found out—nothing.

The late President Harding greeted him with a sincere appreciation of his work:

"Houdini, you give us real thrills, but you never cheat. I wish I knew as much about you and your work as your wife does."

The author of a number of books, his first one, the "Unmasking of Robert Houdini," is an autobiography of untiring interest, dealing with subtleties of human nature and yet remaining wholesome and natural.

Houdini's philosophy in life is simple:

"The longer I live, the more I believe that the power of thought is the magic of magics. There is some magic in every face you see if you could discover it, as distinctive as every leaf on a tree. There is magic in a name. One name is all we have, and I determined early in life to make the name 'Houdini' stand for everything that was best in me."

As he startled his hearers with mind-reading on the slate, there was a twinkle in his eyes, for he thoroughly enjoys his work with the people. After a strenuous performance, he looked far away at the stars overhead, and as we walked along said:

"Do you remember the poem that refers to something mightier far than strength, nerve, or sinew, or the sway of magic potent over sun or stars?—it is love. Love is God's magic."

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William Edgar Borah—The Intrepid Cicero of the Senate

When Senator William Edgar Borah invited me to sit down and eat an Idaho apple with him, after a strenuous hour in the Senate, I had a glimpse of the Senator Borah not known to the public. He munched the fruit with the enthusiasm of a farm lad and talked of his horses and the out-of-doors of his own Idaho.

An outstanding figure in the United States Senate, William Edgar Borah, born in Fairfield, Illinois, has won a distinction for his State as a national leader. When attending the common



SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH says: "Camouflage may seem like a new word, but it is the old term used for bunk. Eliminate bunco men from public life and faith in the common honesty of the people will become a fundamental principle of public service."

schools of Wayne County and the academy at Enfield, he was a leader in the debate on the question as to whether there were "Greater joys in anticipation or in realization." He was for anticipation—now he is for realization. Ready to debate anything from football to marbles, his school mates felt that he knew what he was talking about. Later at Kansas State University he caught the intrepid frontier spirit of the plains and the crusadic spirit of "bleeding Kansas."

When he hung out his own sign as a lawyer at Lyons, in the Sunflower State, he used a paint brush to liven up the weather-beaten front of his office—with a gorgeous coat of yellow—as an emblem of Kansas optimism.

When he moved to Idaho and began vigorously the practice of law, they marked him "present." As attorney in the famous Heywood trial, facing mobs and six-shooters, there was evidenced the intrepid courage of Borah.

In his fight against the League of Nations and his plea for the struggling peoples of the earth, he proved a fighter to the last ditch.

In the Rooseveltian times of 1907 he was elected to the Senate and became a Progressive, but refused to follow in the Bull Moose movement of 1912.

The people of Idaho seem to feel that Borah is an institution. Borah admirers insist that if he hailed from Ohio or any doubtful state, he would become a prominent candidate for President on the Republican ticket.

While an aggressive, and, in some respects, a radical, Senator Borah is a conservative student of history and is not easily carried off his feet, but contends for what he believes to be the natural trend of progressive history.

Stalwart and sturdy in appearance, he has a deeply dimpled chin and curling lip. With an impressive forelock, his big gray eyes flash with the golden voice of an orator in speaking, although there is a rasp now and then when he indulges in a fling of sarcasm. As a debater he has few peers on the floor of the Senate.

He takes very little part in social activities in Washington, spends leisure hours and nights reading and studying and thinking out the problems of the average man, and the complexi-

ties of modern conditions, applying tested principles to meet the needs of the hour—without partisan restriction.

"Camouflage may seem like a new word that arrived just in time—but it is the old term for bunk. If we could eliminate the bunco men from public life, faith in the common honesty of the people would be recognized as a fundamental principle of public service."

Senator Borah comments off the bat comprehensively and concretely.

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Owen D. Young—Level-headed Member of the American Reparations Commission

Even as a lad in the little town of Van Honnesville, New York, where he was born in 1874, the neighbors said that Owen D., the son of Jacob Smith Young, was bound to make his mark. At the age of ten he declared, "I am goin' to college, and my college is the St. Lawrence University."

It was a great day for Owen D. Young when



OWEN D. YOUNG says: "The first problem is not one of forcing payments, but rather to find out how payments can be made—and then provide a way."

he found himself registered at the St. Lawrence University. He studied under Charles Kelsey Gaines, the author of a book on Parliamentary Law, who inspired his boys to debate and talk things over. At that time Owen Young contemplated going into the ministry, but there was not enough debate promised in the pulpit.

He was a tall, handsome young man, with classic features and big dark eyes. A natural born leader, always gracious and considerate, he was counted one of the most popular young men in his class when he graduated. There was a council among a few fellow students and then and there they pledged themselves to take up law and make tracks for Boston University the next year, even if they had to walk to the "Hub."

Compelled to earn his education, he became librarian at Boston University, and many of his old classmates remember how considerate he was in having the right books on hand to help them with their theses and English compositions.

After receiving his LL.B., he was instructor in "Pleadings" at Boston University, and Mr. Young insists that he learned quite as much as a teacher as he did as a student. One of the maxims of Owen D. Young, recalled by his old classmates, is still in vogue:

"Master at least one point of the lesson and

the percentage runs high as it indicates evidence of an ability to comprehend all of the lesson if you keep at it. Comprehension is the forerunner of understanding."

Seeking the counsel of a young man, the General Electric Company elected Owen Young a vice-president. Later he was a director and member of the executive committee of the Electric Bond and Share Company and director of the Bankers' Trust Company and French-American Banking Corporation.

From early student days he was absorbed in problems of international law at The Hague tribunal. His lectures at the law school in Boston revealed a wide grasp of business affairs.

When he was appointed a member of the American Reparations Committee in Europe with General Charles G. Dawes of Chicago, there was a feeling that one of the best brains of the country would be concentrated on the perplexing problems.

An enthusiastic classmate, looking at a photograph taken of Dawes and Young named them as his presidential ticket, insisting that if there was a way to repair reparations Owen Young would surely find it.

"The first problem is not one of forcing payments, but rather to find out how payments can be made—and then provide a way," was the declaration of Owen Young, revealing that he is a master of financial salvage.

One thing that stands out in his record as an executive is, first of all, an understanding of the customers' needs and necessities, and then adapting his own production and personnel to meet these needs. Anticipating wants is as much a part of the practical gentility of a corporation as it is in an individual in making friends or building up business. The mass of complexities and details of the Reparations Commission do not appall the clear-headed lad from St. Lawrence County, New York, who reduces every problem to a simple equation—"two and two make four."

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Curtis Wilbur—Who Succeeded Edwin Denby as Secretary of the Navy

Fate has played many strange tricks with this old American family that sprung from New England's rock-bound soil.

Its latest twist is the calling of Curtis D. Wilbur, California jurist, to become chief of Uncle Sam's Navy. With four other members of the Wilbur family has Kismet's hand turned topsy-turvy life careers and upset years of preparation and study. The same finger of fate that made Miss Bertha Wilbur of Los Angeles, sister of the new navy chieftain, a music teacher when she longed to be a painter, and lured Secretary Wilbur's brother, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, from the practice of medicine to the presidency of Leland Stanford University and later sent him back into medicine for a brief period, when he was called to attend the late President Harding during his fatal illness, are a chain of circumstances that lead to the appointment of Judge Wilbur, the latest member of President Coolidge's official family. It brought Curtis D. Wilbur from the golden wheat fields of North Dakota to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, plunged him through a brilliant judicial and political career in California and then overnight returned him to the first love of his forebears, the navy and the sea.

Sea lover, jurist, author, lawyer, Sunday-school teacher, lover of children—such is the new captain of the ships that sail the seas under the Stars and Stripes.



CURTIS WILBUR says: "I am very proud and always have been to say—I am a Navy man."

Secretary Wilbur was born in Iowa in 1867, attended high school in Jamestown, N. D., and from there entered Annapolis, where he was graduated with the class of 1888. Resigning from the navy shortly after, he began the study of law, first practicing in Los Angeles. He was the originator of the children's court and became interested in child welfare work. Bills drafted by Wilbur form the basis of the juvenile court laws of California.

When asked if he had a hobby, Secretary Wilbur smiled and announced:

"I do not play golf. My hobby is children. I'm so interested in them that I have even written books for children. Stranger still, the books have been published." "The Bear Family at Home and How the Circus Came to Visit Them," is the title of a book recently announced by an eastern publisher—and now the author will be heralded "Secretary of the Navy." He is mightily interested in his own children. They are Leonard, still in high school; Edna May, Stanford graduate and a school teacher at Chico, California; Lyman, a civil engineer, and Paul Curtis, a college student, "majoring" in chemistry.

There's a witchery about the sea and its navies, and Wilbur admits it has trapped him and long held him prisoner. "It's like going back to my youth and to a realization of all my dreams—this becoming Secretary of the Navy," said Wilbur. "I've always been keen for the sea and ships. Here's my diploma from Annapolis. Look at the names! Sampson! Sigbee—Sigbee of the *Maine*! They were my instructors. They taught me to love the sea, and I'm very proud and always have been to say, 'I'm a Navy man.'"

There was a note of pride in the voice of the tall, heavy, athletic man, who succeeds Edwin Denby, as he talked of his days at Annapolis, almost forty years ago.

"I was on the football team in my last year there, and I played in all the games," he said.

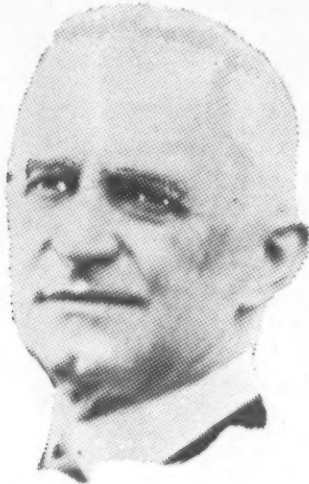
From football days the Secretary of the Navy turned to talk of Sunday-schools:

"I've had a class for years," he said. "I like it. I think my pupils have enjoyed the work. I know I have. Perhaps in Washington I will find time to keep up my Bible classes."

George Eastman—The Man Who Makes the Film for the Movies

Rochester may not be a one-man town, but it could hardly be mentioned without thinking of one man. And that man is George Eastman.

In his own private projection room, near his office in Rochester, George Eastman talked about almost everything except the movies. He was interested in talking pictures, and color pictures, because they were a future development. He walked into the lamp house of his little projec-



GEORGE EASTMAN says: "The rich man doesn't really give anything. He only distributes a part of his surplus. It is the person of moderate means, the poor man, who really gives."

tion room, and there he showed great familiarity, particularly with the mechanism of an old color projection machine—the invention of his friend, Gaumont of Paris.

Eastman is a business man with the bearing of an artist. He has white hair, and though seventy years old, is smooth shaven and much younger looking. He is soft spoken, and is extremely reticent, shrinking from any sort of publicity. Perhaps his predominating trait is his love of music, which led him to install a magnificent pipe organ in his own home. The same love of music is apparent in the founding of a Conservatory of Music at Rochester and the erection of the Eastman Theatre, one of the finest in the world.

Although born in Waterville, New York, he grew up in Rochester, and Rochester has been his home ever since. Indeed, it has been more than that. It has been his hobby. Only recently his gifts . . . But that is the end, not the beginning, of this story.

Flashing back, then, to the days when young George Eastman, a boy of fourteen, had never heard of a film or a kodak—nor had the world—we find a lad with very empty pockets, who knew he must "go to work."

To George Eastman, "go to work" meant just that. There was no wealthy family relative to "place" him. So he placed himself as office boy at five dollars a week. For six years he held down this job. Then Aladdin rubbed the lamp—or so young Eastman thought. For he jumped suddenly to the dizzy height of a bank clerkship at \$800 a year.

Again, he stuck. But he did not become com-

placent. For it is his life theory that the man who feels he has reached the limit of his ability has simply stopped thinking; he is an "up and outer," not so different from any "down and outer" asleep on a park bench.

Finally, in 1878, when Santo Domingo was attracting the country's attention, Eastman decided to go down there. He was advised to take a camera along. He purchased one, but found its wet plates and paraphernalia too awkward to carry in traveling. This annoyed him. It also piqued his interest. He forgot Santo Domingo and began to study the camera, with the result that eventually—after long years of struggle, failure, and success—he gave to the world the film and the kodak.

While it is true that we owe the motion picture to Edison's adapting genius, we must remember that if George Eastman had not perfected a transparent film, we might never have had the motion picture. Mr. Eastman now supplies almost all motion picture film, turning out over fifty million feet every other month.

This Rochester boy—now a multimillionaire—is known also for his modest philanthropies. As the mysterious "Mister Smith," he gave over eleven million dollars to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology before his identity was discovered by the public. Altogether, he has given over thirty millions to colleges and hospitals; six millions to his employees as a recreation fund; four millions for a school of music, and nearly two millions for a dental dispensary in Rochester.

A man of simple, quiet tastes, he loves Rochester, and though a bachelor, he loves children. Entirely self made, he had no special training, no laboratory, no guidance in chemistry. As he himself puts it, he has, throughout life, merely refused to accept as decisive either defeat or victory.

△

Sir Esme Howard—The Recently Appointed British Ambassador at Washington

Forty years a diplomat—that's the record of Sir Esme Howard, the present Ambassador to the United States from Great Britain. This is not the first time Sir Esme has been in Washington; he was counsellor at the British Embassy there for two years under James Bryce.

His first post was as secretary to the Earl of Carnarvon in Ireland, and afterwards he was attached to the embassy in Rome, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, and Crete. His diplomatic career was interrupted during the time of the Boer War, when he served as a trooper in the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa. Later he was Minister to Switzerland and Sweden.

In 1917 there were strong efforts to force Sweden into the war. It is believed to have been the influence of Ambassador Howard which induced Sweden to maintain her neutrality. Perhaps his most prominent service was rendered while a member of the British delegation at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919. After serving on the Special Inter-Allied Commission to Poland, he was appointed Ambassador to Spain, and while in Madrid he received the notice of his selection to succeed Sir Auckland Geddes at Washington.

Sir Esme Howard is sixty-one years old. He represents the best English traditions of foreign office and his appointment to the important post at Washington, which has so long been filled by

eminent outsiders such as Bryce, Reading, Grey and Geddes, as they are termed in the foreign office, is hailed as a return to the old policy.

One cannot fail to be impressed with the earnestness and sincerity and the vivid personality of the British Ambassador. He is tall and slight, gray about the temples, with a gray mustache, and a pleasant and ready smile. Military in bearing, he radiates dignity, and one is impressed with his modesty. He is quite a linguist, scarcely knowing how many languages he does speak, for it must be remembered that he has lived less in England than abroad.

Sir Esme comes to the United States a seasoned cosmopolite. He is an aristocrat, but also one of the most democratic of men.

"My favorite sport is golf. I learned to play on the Chevy Chase links in Washington," he said, when asked about his principal recreation. "I am also very fond of baseball, which will be a bit of a change from bull fights," recalling the fact that he was for four years Ambassador to Spain.

The Howards have five sons. Esme, the eldest, is attending Oxford, where he is president of the American Club. Another is at Cambridge. The three younger boys will live in Washington and attend preparatory schools. "I don't know which is the greatest responsibility," said Sir Esme, "being Ambassador at Washington, or bringing up five boys and properly educating them; but it is a very great pleasure for me to return, as I spent two very happy years here under Ambassador Bryce."

His reception by the Pilgrims Society of New York contained all the warmth and cordiality which has been given to his predecessors. He called attention to the statement of our late President Harding, "I don't believe any man can



AMBASSADOR SIR ESME HOWARD says: "I don't know which is the greatest responsibility—being Ambassador at Washington or bringing up five boys." "My favorite sport is golf."

confront the responsibility of the President of the United States and yet adhere to the idea that it is possible for our country to maintain an attitude of isolation and aloofness in the world." "We in England," continued the Ambassador, "have long ago realized that a policy of splendid isolation is but an idle dream and vain imagining."



Homely—But Humorous

Nobody wants to laugh at Irvin Cobb—but thousands of readers are always ready to laugh with him. One of the best known, best loved short story writers America has produced

THERE was something in that voice over the telephone that had the real ring of the old Kentucky home welcome. It was the voice of Irvin Cobb plainly reciting the time of the trains between New York and Ossining on the Hudson, commenting on daylight saving and standard time. Finally the riddle was solved for the dumbhead at the other end of the 'phone. The train was declared as leaving at 5:03 with the exactness of a score on a horse race.

Then, chasing in a yellow taxi to the Grand Central Station we found that the 5:03 train had gone at five o'clock. The gates were closed. Another telephone conversation with the same old patient Kentucky home welcome.

"Missed the train, did you? Well, that may happen when you meet St. Peter at the pearly gates, but look up the time-table and remember that the five o'clock train gets out at five o'clock standard time."

Irvin Cobb talks with that soft, mellow drawl that is suffused with the spirit of hospitality. You know the early life in old Kentucky with its easy-going ways, love of playing and appreciation of beautiful women and thoroughbred horses is not a myth.

The beautiful place on the Hudson called "Rebel Ridge" suggests a bit of English scenery. The mist gathers in the early evening and seems to soften the scene. There in the distance is a church spire and over this hill many miles away one can see the Metropolitan Tower and the skyscrapers of New York. It is certainly a charming spot. In the morning he can see wild deer and the birds—his favorite red-tipped black birds, and he knows the songs of all the birds. No wonder Irvin Cobb loves his home.

Here was the house he built on the crest of a hill. An old farmhouse was renovated. Old bricks were brought from the abandoned Underhill brick yard, which had not been operated for nearly a century. It was truly a house built of old bricks. The beams of the old barn are revealed in the balcony of the little cottage where he first lived while building his home. The ceiling of the verandah is not plain cement, but has Indian decorations, looking like a filmy Navajo blanket. Here are the gardens, terrace after terrace of flowers. There are forty springs here and a picturesque bridge under which you can just fancy a rushing stream with a lazy old water wheel nearby, but there has been no water there since the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment. Here was a pool fed by the springs, but the best of it all after the spacious rooms of this Kentucky home transplanted to the banks of the Hudson was the workshop of Irvin Cobb, resembling a hunting cabin in the Adirondacks, with raftered ceiling overhead. The walls are adorned with cartoons. Here are trophies of the chase—a deer head and a fish, a great fireplace and an array of pipes. On the desk is a typewriter and some copy that was soon to go forth to delight the millions of readers who have decreed that Irvin

Cobb is the greatest author of his time. He is a writer who just seems to tell things in a way that everybody understands, and enjoys the full humor of the situation.

His book, "Speaking of Operations," was written amid the grim experiences of the hospital. He knows how to laugh at himself.



IRVIN COBB is funnier even than he looks—and he possesses a 60-H. P. brain that hits on all twelve cylinders all the time. As a reporter he's the whale's eyebrows. Before America took a hand in the War, he got the whole German General Staff so pop-eyed with amazement at his unparalleled effrontery and supreme audacity that they took down the "Verboten" sign and let him wander almost at will behind the lines

His publisher, George Durand, is a neighbor nearby with a house filled with books, a rare and treasured library. But just then the great question was having the flowers properly planted on the side of a hill.

After dinner we just sat under the brow of a hill back of the house in the quiet afterglow and enjoyed an atmosphere of homely friendliness. The robin was singing his evening song, not known in the trill of his morning salute, and the day seemed to glide into the night. In the soft light the moon audaciously appeared before the sun had set. The harmony of the scene was suggestive, for o'er head was the luring sun in the last flush of day, the sun and the moon, one and together, companions in the charm of the fading twilight hours.

When you visit you just keep thinking of the old times. The last time I had seen Irvin Cobb he was in the full uniform of a correspondent in khaki on which was a band of green emblazoned with a large letter C. It was after the encounter at Mons and things looked rather dark and gloomy for the allied forces.

Irvin Cobb had just arrived at the Hotel Con-

tinental, and in his face was something that reflected the faith of Foch in his ability to stem the tide.

Those were the days when Irvin Cobb was thinking of those who surround him now, his wife and daughter—and when one meets the beautiful Elizabeth, you do not wonder why Irvin Cobb, through all these years, has doted on his daughter.

There was music inside.

Irvin Cobb insists that he can write better stuff looking out on the brick walls from a roof in the city than in the country with all its alluring charms distracting him from concentrating upon his work.

It is in short stories that Irvin Cobb shines. He seems to compass more with a short story than any other writer of his time. They are complete in themselves, but now he is seriously contemplating writing a novel, a real two-decker or three-decker. The characters who live in his short stories will continue. His readers want more of Judge Priest—and all these characters, so carefully drawn, are more or less composite. Judge Priest was for twenty years on the Circuit bench in Paducah and was running the politics of the section, but no one knew it. Paducah was the hot bed of secession and was the first district from the South to send a member of Congress to pledge secession. Judge Priest is a composite of old Judge Bishop, a little of his father, and a little of this and that. He just makes up his characters from those fascinating touches of memory—from the witching memories that come with the harm of the early days in old Kentucky.

Irvin Cobb loves to write his humorous stories, and for over two years has been giving a story a day to over eighty newspapers. They have proved marvelously successful. There does not seem to be any limit to his exhaustless stories of humor, but this is because Irvin Cobb hails from the state of Kentucky, which produced Lincoln, the most eminent story-teller of his time. Everything that a Kentuckian says or does always reminds him of a story.

With all his charm as a writer of distinction and long business record as a humorist, Irvin Cobb also had a fling on the lecture platform and proved a most popular speaker, first because of his personality, and second because he always had something to say and he said things in a different way.

Irvin Cobb's great grandfather was Senator Lyon of Vermont. He is a mixture of Yankee and southern blood, but represents a true type of an American in Kentucky, the border state where the rugged frontier spirit of the new republic was first tried and tested.

In a brief decade after his experiences in a print shop in Paducah, Kentucky, later climbing up the ladder of newspaper work, until he became managing editor of the New York World, he just seemed to leap into popular favor. His stories first appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Nestor of American Magazine Editors

Samuel S. McClure, pioneer of the newspaper syndicate and the popular-priced magazine, an unerring judge of what will interest the great bulk of periodical readers

AMONG American magazine readers, it is generally conceded that Samuel S. McClure is a pre-eminent periodical editor. Returning to the editorial chair of the magazine bearing his name marks the beginning of new achievements by the Nestor of his profession.

Dining with Robert Davis, he turned to me and said:

"I consider Samuel S. McClure one of the best judges of the fiction that becomes real literature of any man who has ever graced an editorial chair."

In a two-room stone house with a thatch roof at Antrim, Ireland, are clustered the recollections of his birthplace, where the arrival of a boy delighted the heart of Thomas McClure, a carpenter.

Taught under the National school system in Ireland, he began studying at six o'clock in the morning and kept at it until breakfast time. At one time young Sam made a mistake and got up at half past two, but instead of going back to bed, he kept right on studying.

On one of the happy days of childhood, while playing in the turnip patch on his return from school, the news was broken to him:

"Samuel, your pa is dead."

Then the pressure of poverty began with the bread winner of the family gone.

At the age of nine years he left Ireland with his mother, landing in Quebec. They reached Valparaiso, Indiana, on the third day of July, where he had his first firecrackers and lemonade on the 4th of July, and heard Congressman Turpie, who was the orator of the day.

As a boy on the farm he envied the peddlers who used to pass by. He began the new adventure of selling things. His mother, distressed with seeing him returning footsore, purchased him a little wagon with a brown horse. In his itinerary he landed at Galesburg, two hundred miles away. He called on Professor Hurd, and later there was further interest in Galesburg, for he married Harriet, the professor's daughter.

He took the old-fashioned classical course at Knox College. He was made editor-in-chief of the *"Knox Student"*, and here began his literary career. This is where he had the contest with Robert Mather, the editor of the rival paper, who later became president of the Rock Island. In speaking of his early work, Mr. McClure said:

"I followed the same principles in editing the Knox College paper that I do in *McClure's*. What I know about editing I knew in the beginning, and that was—getting at the essential things by the process of elimination. When I got through eliminating, I published what was left."

His commencement oration was on the subject of "Enthusiasm." After it was delivered, he packed his grip and started for Boston, falling in the wake of many literary men, although he insists that his going to Boston was an impulse decided because he had to wait half an hour for another train.

He had been riding one of the high-wheel Pope bicycles, and the Pope Company had given him an ad for his "History of Western College Journalism." The day before the 4th of July, his lucky day, he entered the office of Colonel Pope, who said he was sorry he could not give any more advertising. S. S. told him that what he wanted



SAMUEL S. MCCLURE, in whose brain was born the idea of the newspaper syndicate, the journalistic force that has revolutionized the whole process of newspaper development—and the man who initiated many outstanding literary features in the pages of the magazine that bears his name

was work, and Mr. Pope replied that they were laying off hands.

"But I still hung on and told him I was willing to wash windows and scrub floors. He sent me down to the bicycle rink on Huntington Avenue to help wash windows and teach the people to ride. The next day Wilmot paid me \$1.00—the first dollar I ever earned in Boston. Colonel Pope was a man who watched his employees, and I was soon placed in charge of one of the rinks.

"In the meantime there was talk of publishing a magazine called the *Wheelman*, and I made the *Century Magazine* my model in making up the first issue of the *Wheelman*—of which I was the proud editor."

After his marriage to Miss Hurd he began housekeeping in Cambridge, and when Colonel Pope purchased the *Outing Magazine* he made Mr. McClure the editor, but he soon left this position and went to work for the De Vinne Press in New York. His experience there made it clear to him that he did not want to become a printer.

Here it was that he invented the newspaper syndicate and made his arrangement with the New York *Sun* for using short stories by eminent

authors. Out of the syndicate grew the magazine idea. Then came the real hard sledding. Strangely enough, Sherlock Holmes' stories were not popular with editors when he first began, nor was Kipling popular. Then along came James Matthew Barrie.

Photo-engraving made cheaper magazines possible. In '92 he began contemplating a 15-cent magazine, to be called *The New Magazine*, the *Galaxy* or *Elysium*. Finally Edmund Gosse said, "Why not call it *McClure's Magazine*?" The magazine was launched with a capital of \$7,300. Mr. McClure had only saved \$2,800 during eight years of hard work with the syndicate. It was a pinch all around, and even his contributors to whom he owed money offered him more, striving to help him along. Among these was Professor Drummond of Boston.

The first issue of *McClure's Magazine* was twenty thousand copies, but twelve thousand copies were returned. The paper men were very cordial and friendly, but the deficit was there just the same. Then he sought Colonel Pope, his old employer, and went back with \$1,000 and secured more credit from the paper men. The *Cosmopolitan* cut its price, but Colonel Pope came to the rescue again and advanced \$5,000 on advertising.

In 1893 he first met Miss Ida M. Tarbell, who afterward played an important part in the history of *McClure's Magazine*. One day he chanced to pick up an article on his desk signed "Ida M. Tarbell." When he had finished reading it he remarked:

"This girl can write. I want to get her to do some work for the magazine."

Miss Tarbell had been in Paris for many years and had published a series of articles. *McClure's* secured her services in 1894—"Napoleon" year. The inception of Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln" was McClure's idea of having a number of men write about the Great Emancipator and having Miss Tarbell edit the work. But it was soon clear that Ida Tarbell was the one person to write the story, and then the tide turned. The circulation of *McClure's Magazine* jumped from forty thousand to eighty thousand, and far exceeded the circulation of even his beloved *Century*. But in an evil moment they over-printed and had many returns. They were selling advertising on a basis of forty thousand and printed two hundred and fifty thousand.

The editorial history of *McClure's* is more cheering than Mr. McClure's financial history—but what a contribution it has made to the cause of literature. Its contents pages tell the story of contemporaneous fiction. In the publishing upheaval magazine forms changed. Now he has returned to the size of the original *McClure's*, following the lines of his *Century* ideals.

Mr. McClure is a small man, with blond hair, blue eyes and a sort of visionary look, but he just seems to absorb thoroughly those things that others overlook. When he goes over a manu-

Continued on page 30

Mary Had a Little Lamb—

That lamb was good as gold. While yet he was of tender age, the little lamb was sold; and with mint sauce upon the side, they later served him cold. In this most interesting book the story is well told

THE United States Court has finally succeeded in putting a little human interest into pork. There has been a lot of human interest written about pork, but that's mostly the Congressional kind. This was pork that was made into bacon and canned for the soldiers. A great deal of the time it was being canned, the men who were working so hard to supply food to our army overseas and to the boys in this country were being accused of extracting unholy profits from Uncle Sam's pocket. Then, when hostilities ceased, these same meat manufacturers—all of them with millions of pounds of meat undergoing a special cure under government formulae—were calmly informed that the government did not need any more of that meat.

The packers were told by the government to file claims, and after four years, one of these has been adjudicated. The United States Court of Claims, in a decision recently handed down, has awarded Swift & Company \$1,077,386.30.

Not only was this money awarded, but the Court went farther and patted the packers on the back, and this is what it said about a counterclaim charging profiteering which was filed by the government:

"There is in our judgment an absence of any showing which would justify the opening up of these closed transactions and a charging back against the plaintiff. . . .

"It is rare, indeed, that we have before us records exemplifying transactions of such extent and importance wherein the willingness of contractors to co-operate with representatives of the government is so constantly manifest."

Imagine, if you can, a corporation that really co-operated, and co-operated to such an extent that the United States Court feels called upon to commend it for its effort!

There are book reviewers and connoisseurs who look for the appearance of the year book of Swift & Company. First of all, it is adorned with an artistic cover that glorifies the great fundamental vocation of mankind—farming. The illustrations are pastoral scenes that evoke the admiration of every artist. There are figures and facts showing at a glance how the country is fed. There is a discussion of foods and vitamins and even a modern version of "Mary Had a Little Lamb." The simple story of a typical car route service of Swift & Company from Chicago to Chadwick is a new version of the map of "Food America." It is a compendium in fifty-six pages of the philosophy of meat.

Of course the balance sheet is included, which shows how the three hundred and thirty-seven millions invested in the business is handled, and even figuring down to the fraction of a cent the profits that accrue.

The key note of the Year Book of 1924 is the address of Mr. L. F. Swift. He deals in the cold facts and proves his case of substantial progress with a belief that the public realizes better than

By RICHARD D. HEBB

ever that they are striving to give the best possible service at the lowest cost.

An illustration, showing a corn field, the king of crops and back-bone of the live-stock industry, recalls Riley's poem, "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock." The problems in export trade, which mean so much to the American farmers, are being met in a scientific way.

The plant assemblies, established for the purpose of creating closer co-operation between the employees and management, are working out successfully in the eighteen branches. The progress and development in educational work shows what a lively interest is being created among the boys in the constructive work.

The symbol or trade mark is as famous as the flag. The letter "S" combined in one piece with a dart pointing upward to the right is displayed within a circle, and the pivot symbol is suggested by the color scheme around the "S." The dart is an ancient symbol of "swiftness," carrying the thought of speed and directness and service.

The circle is a humanity symbol, carrying the thought of universality. The pivot is beautifully developed by the "S," which centers in the circle, and is itself a form of real art. The black, red and white colors suggest day and night, life and death, heaven and hell—the dualism of life.

There is a magic in that trade-mark that carries a suggestion of eleven dominating qualities:

"Individuality, appropriateness, simplicity, strength, adaptability, universality, breadth, richness, grace, unity, and finally that all-compelling power of the magic of understanding."

The philosophy of life is encompassed in the study of this trade-mark, evolved as scientifically, in a psychological sense, as a book is written. Out of this little handbook there are subjects

with ramifications that could be discussed in many a volume.

The phase that has attracted widespread attention in these times is the development of the Assembly plan at the various plants, which has been in operation since 1921. At first the employee representatives gathered on one side of the room and management representatives on the other, but now it would be difficult in any assembly to tell who was who and which was



THE YOUNG LADY upon the left, wearing a dark cloak and white knitted cap, and holding a nursing bottle, is Mary. The small four-footed animal, so intently engaged in absorbing nutriment from the aforesaid bottle, is the lamb. Information is lacking at the present moment regarding the name of the interested spectator trying to climb the bars—but we have a strong suspicion that it is "Rover"

which. For the first few months some employees were not quite sure of the sincerity of the others, feeling that it might be just a new plan in the back of the employer's mind to gain some advantage.

Today the Assembly and the Assembly committee function like an old-time legislative body.

It is probable that these committee meetings have done as much as, or more than, anything else to break down the prejudice existing in the minds of both employee and management representatives. Here men and women meet informally, take up the subject before the committee, and then discuss the thoughts that really are in the backs of the minds of all of us regarding the relations of capital and labor.

The Assembly of the Chicago plant is composed of sixty members, a chairman, and a secretary. Thirty of the members are elected by hourly

paid and piece-work employees in the plant; thirty are management representatives, twenty-four of whom are foremen or division superintendents, and six of whom are from the general

and if the decision of that committee is not satisfactory, he may carry it to the floor of the Assembly. Few cases of this nature, however, have gone this far.

This served to bring home the fact that the packing industry depends on large volume of business and fairly rapid turnover for its earnings. It also was brought out at the same time that it required \$12,000,000 to pay the annual dividends. As many of the employee representatives are shareholders, they were quick to see the necessity for this.

Employee membership in the Assembly is made up of both union and non-union men, the only restriction to membership being that the employee must be of legal voting age, must have been in the employ of the company at least one year, and must be an American citizen or have his first papers.

A number of men with radical tendencies have had themselves elected to membership. These men are born leaders, and take an active part in affairs of the workmen and of the Assembly.



The King of Crops, and the backbone of the Live-Stock Industry

office. The chairman and the secretary do not vote; they are presiding officers and their rulings are entirely impartial.

Committees are chosen on the same fifty-fifty basis as the membership. The chairman of a committee may be either an elected representative or a management man; in either event, the secretary of the committee will come from the other side.

Simplicity of operation has been sought in order that the plan may function smoothly. In addition to the committees of the Assembly, each employee representative is paired with a management member. Many minor cases are settled by these pairs. For example, a man may be discharged by a foreman. If he thinks he has been unjustly let out, he sees his management representative, who in turn calls the man with whom he is paired. These two meet with the foreman and the employee affected, listen to both sides of the case, and make their decision. If the man has been a faithful worker in the past, the chances are that he is given another opportunity. If the decision, however, is not in favor of the employee and the employee is not satisfied, he may take it up with the full committee;

One of the things that have been difficult for the employee to understand is the question of company profits and expense of company operation. For example, when the annual statement is published and shows profits of around \$13,000,000, it is difficult for the individual employee on his hourly wage to understand why a part of this vast sum cannot be given him in the form of increased wages. Informal discussion of this has done much to clarify this question in his mind. For example, the profits for 1923 were \$13,184,619.32; the sales were \$750,000,000. Discussion of this question among a group of employee and management representatives resulted in simplifying these figures by lopping off several ciphers. The employee may have some thought that this was a large profit. One of the management representatives brought out the fact that if the annual business done had been \$75,000, the profit would have been only \$1,318, a very inadequate return; and that if the business done had been \$7,500—as it might well have been in the case of a professional man—the profit would have been \$131. Employee representatives agreed that this would be entirely inadequate.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

*O, it's then's the times a feller is
a-feelin' at his best,*

*With the risin' sun to greet him
from a night of peaceful rest,*

*As he leaves the house, bare-
headed, and goes out to feed
the stock,*

*When the frost is on the punkin
and the fodder's in the shock.*



Sorting Swift products for delivery at a car-route point

More than a year ago a number of them felt that the wages being paid were not adequate. Without directly asking for an increase, a resolution was presented to the Assembly requesting the appointment of a committee of twelve (six management and six employee representatives) to investigate wages in other industries in the same city.

At the very least three members from the employees' side were radical in tendency and with union affiliations. The resolution also asked the company's co-operation in securing data from other industries. Nearly fifty of the leading businesses of the city were covered, and after thorough investigation, lasting more than a month, the committee reported back to the Assembly that the wages being paid by the Company were equal to or better than those paid in practically three-fourths of the industries, and that the others were highly specialized industries that are not comparable.

All twelve members of the committee signed the report.

Compare this with the old days when such a demand would probably have been followed by a strike, had it been refused.

The Human Element in Banking

Harry N. Grut, President of the Mercantile Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago, builds up a valuable clientele on the foundation of service to customers and loyalty to employees

By W. C. JENKINS

TIME effects wonderful changes in world conditions, and in the relative position of men in commercial and financial affairs.

"As impossible as flying," "as worthless as an Arctic" and "as uninviting as Chicago's west-of-the-river" were solemn figures of speech a quarter of a century ago.

Inventive genius has proved the absurdity of the first; commercial development and international possibilities, as evidenced in the discussions over Wrangell Island, have demonstrated that the second was a misnomer, and the building of giant railway stations, great office buildings and the establishment and success of a big banking institution have now rendered the third obsolete.

To those of us who have been "supplying copy" for twenty years, the remarkable advancement of men whom we had seen in their boyhood days filling obscure positions oftentimes forms the basis of a real story of human interest. The expression "a mere clerk" would perhaps have been a proper characterization a dozen years ago, but it would be an inapplicable designation today.

During the dark and gloomy days of the last panic, when banks all over the country were issuing script—before the establishment of the Federal Reserve Bank to prevent financial disturbances—there was employed in the Continental and Commercial Bank of Chicago a young lad who took more than ordinary interest in his work. His enthusiasm and his loyalty to his superiors were frequent matters of comment, and it was predicted that some day, as a thread in life's tunic, he would be the purple.

I met this young man while writing the history of the Continental and Commercial National Bank in 1912; he was a clerk to one of the vice-presidents. His enthusiasm and optimism were inspiring, and during a conversation he did his best to convince me that their bank would some day be the biggest financial institution on earth.

Since those days I have watched with keen interest the remarkable growth of the Continental and Commercial Bank, and I have not overlooked the advancement and success of Harry N. Grut, the model employe of the institution. Today he is president of the Mercantile Trust & Savings Bank, one of the biggest out-of-the-loop financial concerns in Chicago.

There has been a wrong impression in many quarters regarding the possibilities for young men in our American banks. A mere clerkship or a position as teller is the limit of advancement, it was said.

These mistaken notions on the part of unreflecting people have no doubt directed the footsteps of many young men into channels that offered much less reward for energy and ability than banking. However, American youth has frequently been led to grasp the shade instead of the substance as a consequence of erroneous conclusions.

So far as mistaken impressions concerning the possibilities for young men in the field of banking are concerned, the rise of Harry N. Grut is but one of thousands of instances that might be mentioned where laurels have been won by obscure bank clerks. In each case, however, persistent endeavor, unquestionable loyalty and enthusiasm were the dominating factors that achieved distinction.

It is perhaps true that in certain banking institutions the ordinary individual is eliminated, and all private views, private character, private ambitions and private ability are reduced to the general mass. In such cases advancement is slow and uncertain; but such banks are the exception rather than the rule in this country.

One of the wisest of our American institutions



HARRY N. GRUT, President of the Mercantile Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago, is a banker of the new school, alert to every advance in the modern science of finance, and a strong believer in the policy of close personal contact with the business affairs of his depositors

is the bank, and almost universally it is managed with ability and integrity. The officials have no fear regarding the continuance of their enterprise, or its perpetuity, until the natural end of its individual existence.

The banking fraternity is one of the oldest guilds into which society divides itself when once organized. From an early date in history there has been a financial system. There is no study so interesting and so improving to the individual in his social and domestic relations, to the merchant in his trade and commerce, to the statesman providing for the welfare of his country as that of a sound system of finance.

The story of what the banks have contributed toward perpetuating American institutions has yet to be written. What history we have on this subject dignifies the statesmen almost entirely, ignoring the fact that in the crisis it was the banks of New York which subscribed for the first fifty million dollars that paid the arrearages to the troops, and enabled the contest to go on in the great Civil War; and from time to time as the credit of the country went down, and as the securities depreciated, it was the bankers who rallied and furnished the funds that kept the armies in the field and the navies upon the sea until the unity and nationality of the country were secured.

There was one man in the revolutionary era without whose genius and patriotism General Washington could not have kept the armies in the field, and the Federal Congress could not have continued its existence. That man first contributed his private fortune, and then with a skill and resource and genius unparalleled in the history of finance, without credit abroad, without resources at home, he devised the schemes and furnished the money that kept the Continental soldiers fed and clothed and armed, and kept the few ships upon the ocean until independence was secured, and the Republic of the United States was recognized everywhere. That man was Robert Morris of Philadelphia, a banker. But I am digressing from the main subject of my story.

When Frederick H. Rawson of the Union Trust Company, Darius Miller, President of the C. B. & Q. R. R., and J. J. Hill, of the Northern Pacific Railroad, organized the Mercantile Trust & Savings Bank in Chicago, in 1912, they needed a cashier for the new institution. Someone was wanted who could take practically full charge of the bank, since Mr. Rawson, who had been elected president, could devote but a small part of his time to the affairs of the new enterprise. Their choice was Harry N. Grut.

The bank was opened with a paid-up capital of \$250,000, and surplus of \$37,500. The first day's deposits were over \$100,000. This was the nucleus from which Mr. Grut started to build a big financial institution in Chicago. He had, however, an invisible asset of immense magnitude—one of the strongest boards of direc-

tors ever elected by the stockholders of an American bank.

With a full realization of the enthusiasm and energy of youth, Mr. Grut selected for important positions in the bank young men whose ideals were similar to his own, and in whom he had implicit confidence. When he called them together at the first meeting he said:

"The foundation of banking is service. Let us keep that word uppermost in our minds at all times and we will make this bank one of the biggest out-of-the-loop financial institutions in Chicago. We are all young men, and we have a future ahead of us. You can rest assured that all promotions will be from the ranks and merit will be duly recognized."

Practically all the employees had come from the big loop banks. They knew Chicago banking problems and requirements, and they knew the path they must travel in order to achieve success in the field of finance; and never did a new bank throw its banner to the breeze which was more emblematic of integrity, enthusiasm and energy.

While the bank was located at the corner of Jackson and Clinton Streets, it was just outside of the Loop and therefore must seek its customers mainly from that district west and adjacent to the Chicago River. The territory at that time was occupied by a diversity of industries and financial concerns, and Mr. Grut started out to capture as many of them as possible.

He wanted depositors, but not customers who would use their connection with the bank for improper purposes; in other words he wanted to build up a select business, and the results of his endeavors have been highly successful.

At the close of business on December 31, 1912, the deposits amounted to \$556,659.48. On June 16, when this article was written, they amounted to \$7,655,815.39, with total resources of \$8,552,707.55. The bank has 2,700 commercial and 10,000 savings accounts.

The Mercantile Trust & Savings Bank has adopted a policy in granting credits that is unique, and greatly appreciated by its larger customers. On periodical occasions the president, or some other officer of the bank, visits every customer who is a borrower to the extent of \$10,000 or more. Policies for the benefit of the customers are discussed and their needs and obstacles are fully analyzed. In this way the merchants and manufacturers secure the co-operation of men trained in matters of finance, with the result that business pitfalls are reduced to the minimum and the success of the institution more completely assured.

Many business men have found that in the trials and tribulations of business it is one thing to deal with bankers whose sun has not reached the hour of noon,—whose banks radiate hospitality and enthusiasm,—and entirely another thing to visit an institution where the sun of the officials is sinking far in the west. In the latter case there is often a feeling of self-satisfaction, a spirit of indifference, and frequently a deaf ear to pleas for financial accommodations, regardless of the merit of the security offered.

To be impressed with optimistic banking, courtesy to customers and efficiency in service, visit the Mercantile Trust & Savings Bank. Nowhere are these attributes better exemplified than in this institution.

Harry N. Grut has some philosophy of his own.

It is not very long since he was a boy himself, and he has not forgotten some of the precepts he gained from a noble mother. To the scholars of the Chicago grammar school where he studied before he entered the field of banking Mr. Grut recently said:

"Education is one of the first requisites in life. Knowledge has power to elevate the despised and forgotten pauper to the ease and affluence of the millionaire; the day laborer to the presidency of a railroad, and the humble clerk to the executive chair of a metropolitan bank. These advancements, however, can never be gained without the application of strict integrity, constant enthusiasm, and a recognition at all times to the Golden Rule in business.

"The greatest builder of men is responsibility; and I can attribute the position I hold today to the fact that Mr. Rawson, when he was president of the bank, had complete confidence in my ability to manage the institution. He permitted me to manage the bank in my own way. No power on earth could induce me to knowingly forfeit that confidence, and this determination, together with a resolution I had made, never to do a single act that would bring a blush of shame to my mother's cheek, have been important factors in guiding my conduct."

What a sermon! and what an object lesson to young men on the threshold of a business career!

Mr. Grut does not wish to convey the impression that he alone is responsible for the remarkable success that the bank has achieved during the last few years; he gives full credit to the force of young men who have labored with him in the enterprise. Not one of the bank officials has reached the age of forty, and every one has grown up with the institution. Each is inspired by the knowledge that no outsider can pass him in his march to the front, and that energetic endeavor will bring its reward.

William W. Farrell, vice-president of the bank, cheerfully consented to express himself on the development of the institution, its policies and the *esprit de corps* of the organization. Never have I met a young man more bristling with loyalty to his executive head, or more enthusiastic in the cause of good banking. To hear him you would think Harry Grut is "another man from Nazareth."

"This bank's organization," said he, "is one happy family. There are no jealousies, no dissensions, and no lack of enthusiasm. Mr. Grut would stop at nothing in an effort to assist one of the employees who had met with misfortune; he is constantly studying how he can throw a few rays of additional sunshine across our path. We are all, heart and soul, united in our efforts to make the Mercantile Trust & Savings Bank one of the big financial institutions in Chicago, and we are going to succeed."

A prominent Chicago business man expressed the opinion that Harry Grut has a larger acquaintance and has more friends than any community banker in the city. Success has not turned his head; he is the same Harry his friends knew when he was an ordinary clerk in the Continental and Commercial National Bank.

He was secretary, vice-president and later president of the Cook County Bankers' Association, an organization that represents one hundred

and forty banks. As president of this Association, Mr. Grut acted as chairman of a committee appearing before the Banking and Currency Commission of the Senate and House at Springfield, Illinois, in an appeal for the abolition of private banking in this State. This committee spent several days in its work, and largely as a result of its efforts the Banking Act was changed, prohibiting private banks in the State of Illinois, accomplishing a long step toward the improvement of banking conditions and the better protection of the depositors. He has made numerous addresses on the functions of banking and its problems and is considered an authority on modern business practice.

Through his pleasing personality Mr. Grut has secured the greatest force of "unpaid salesmen" which ever boosted a bank. These consist of satisfied customers who find pleasure in recommending the Mercantile to their friends.

The complexion of the district in which the bank is situated has undergone great changes during the last few years. When the bank opened its doors, hundreds of small manufacturing plants and mercantile establishments were among the possible customers. Many accounts were secured among these institutions, and although through force of circumstances quite a number have moved to other sections of the city, they still do their banking at the Mercantile Trust & Savings Bank. They, in turn, have recommended the institution to others, with the result that it now has valuable customers in every section of the city.

Its location has important advantages. Being situated on Jackson Boulevard, an important driveway leading to the west side, with its hundreds of manufacturing plants and mercantile institutions, its customers can use this great automobile thoroughfare and park their cars near the doors of the bank, a privilege they cannot enjoy in the Loop.

With such advantages and millions of dollars now being spent in railroad and mercantile development on the near west side, and the high class management which the bank enjoys, it is not a rash prediction to state that the Mercantile Trust will have resources of over ten millions of dollars within a year.

Mention has already been made of the excellent board of directors of this bank. To those acquainted in Chicago, reference in detail will serve to emphasize this statement:

Officers: Harry N. Grut, president; William W. Farrell, vice-president; J. E. O'Shaughnessy, cashier; H. H. Brettman, B. H. Rubenzik, A. E. Brucker, and C. F. Kuehnle, Jr., assistant cashiers.

Directors: C. G. Burnham, executive vice-president C. B. & Q. R. R.; O. N. Caldwell, formerly H. W. Caldwell & Co.; Richard J. Collins, of The Fulton Wholesale Market Company; George E. Cullinan, general sales manager, Western Electric Company; A. B. Dick, Jr., vice-president A. B. Dick Company; A. D. Dorman, president Steel Sales Corporation; Milton S. Florsheim, president The Florsheim Shoe Company; David B. Gann, attorney; Harry N. Grut, president; Frederick H. Rawson, chairman of Board, Union Trust Company; E. A. Russell, vice-president Otis Elevator Company; Henry X. Strauss, president Meyer & Company; and Harry A. Wheeler, president Union Trust Company.



Building a Banking Business

How F. Richard Schaaf's wise foresight has brought the First National Bank of Gary, Indiana, into the front rank of financial institutions in that State

IN every populous county or district there is a constant race for supremacy on the part of the banking institutions that the people outside of the banks seldom notice.

Those who are associated with these financial houses, however, watch these contests with great interest, and much happiness reigns in the victorious banks when the published statements reveal the fact that they are in the lead. More particularly is this true of the banks that have within a brief period climbed from third, fourth, or fifth position to first place.

Never in the history of banking have more strenuous efforts been put forth to secure new customers than at the present time. Banks are, figuratively speaking, moving heaven and earth in their efforts to increase their deposits, and in the main they are highly successful. Today there is little money hidden in teapots and mattresses, as enthusiastic missionaries in the cause of savings banks have carried the gospel of thrift to thousands of men and women who, until a few years ago, had never crossed the threshold of a bank.

All this activity on the part of bankers is, of course, highly beneficial to industry and commerce. It provides the banks with considerable additional money which may be wisely directed into the channels of trade, instead of being hidden in secret places which, in effect, means that it is withdrawn from circulation.

Circumstances beyond the control of the bankers have made increased energy in banking affairs imperative. They must do a greater volume of business than in former years, since every factor that enters into the cost of operating a bank is approximately one hundred per cent higher than before the World War. Salaries are nearly doubled, stationery and taxes have greatly increased, while the rate of interest on loans, the chief source of profits to the bankers, remains practically the same.

Stories of great accomplishments in the field of banking read like romances; they give us an insight into the activities of men who must of necessity be dominated by honor and integrity. As these factors in life should be the beacon lights that guide young men who are on the uphill road to self-culture, they cannot be presented too often. They constitute an anchor of hope to the wayfarer who stands on the banks of the River of Doubt, wondering whether the turbulent business currents of the present time lead towards the maelstrom or toward the delta, beyond which lies the untroubled bosom of a sea of composure.

An interesting example of extraordinary banking development may be found in the recent history of the First National Bank of Gary, Indiana. As the story relates largely to the ideals and activities of its president, F. Richard Schaaf, its presentation will concern the individual rather than the institution.

During the World War Mr. Schaaf was presi-



F. RICHARD SCHAAF, president of the First National Bank of Gary, Indiana, who has recently returned from an extended tour of Europe, is optimistic regarding the eventual settlement of the disturbed financial condition of the Old World in a manner that will lead to a largely expanded prosperity in the United States

dent of the Citizens National Bank of Hammond, an institution that he built up to considerable prominence in Indiana banking affairs. He also organized the Hammond Savings & Trust Company, the Farmers and Merchants Bank of Highland, and the State Bank of Hammond; reorganized the East Chicago State Bank, formerly a private institution, by purchasing control.

In 1917 Mr. Schaaf transferred the scene of his banking activities to Gary, and it was in that city he first "batted in a big game." The vista that opened before him when he went to the steel city was a municipality full of possibilities. There were all sorts of predictions regarding its early future, since it was to be the home of the greatest steel manufacturing enterprise on earth, situated in close proximity to Chicago, with unrivalled harbor and railway facilities, and located at a

point where the ore-producing regions of the North meet the agricultural sections of the South and West, and within easy reach of the great manufacturing districts of the East. What a fertile field for the banker's day dreams!

While Mr. Schaaf recognized the fact that the Steel Corporation would become a big institution, he also realized that the human factor in industry should never be overlooked, for while it is important from the viewpoint of the company's stockholders that high-class products should be manufactured, and fair returns on their investments provided, yet it was essential that the city should produce real men; in other words, a citizenship that would build up a wholesome community.

Many persons have staked everything on the future of Gary; its success means their prosperity and happiness, and, conversely, its failure their despair and ruin. Men like F. R. Schaaf, who stand by the city and lend their full force towards making it an ideal community, are performing an altruistic service in the cause of sociology that is not always recognized. Mr. Schaaf not only dignifies banking, but the community in which he lives.

As every well-informed person knows, Gary had a serious "slump," a business depression that tried men's souls. The pressing business emergencies demanded high banking talents and unfailing energy. It was a condition and not a theory, that confronted the merchants of the city, and bankers were needed who could face the situation with full knowledge of the fact that, in the language of a Japanese proverb, "a fog cannot be dispelled with a fan."

F. R. Schaaf was one of the Gary bankers who were constantly offering words of encouragement to customers and rendering every assistance that was consistent with good banking. They threw out the anchor of hope, disseminated optimism, and pointed to the gleam of a better day. A number of merchants, however, dropped by the wayside, but the majority of those who counselled with their bankers survived the struggle, and are now enjoying satisfactory business results.

People remember the friends who held an umbrella over them during a storm; and, similarly, there are hundreds of business men in Lake County, Indiana, who remember the cheerful and opportune co-operation they received from the officials of the First National Bank of Gary when stagnation in the steel industry enveloped the city in a depressing cloud.

It is human nature to reciprocate. This is true as a general proposition, although every banker encounters glaring exceptions. One of the saddest letters ever written was that of Napoleon to the Empress Josephine, on the eve of his departure for Elba, wherein he said: "I have heaped benefits on millions! What have they in the end done for me? They have all betrayed me—yes, all!"

But it is evident that the business men of Gary have not forgotten the friend they found in F. R. Schaaf when the dark business clouds hung over the city like a pall, nor the accommodations they received at the First National Bank. The recent growth in deposits and number of customers evidences this fact.

Strength, dexterity and unflinching nerve were the attributes of those who conducted banking institutions in Gary during the "slump." Their business was to be a crowning triumph, or a disastrous defeat; they were called upon to put their manhood to the proof and they went boldly to the task.

The causes that led to effects in the development of big banking institutions are not always understood. Unthinking people are apt to attribute their magnitude to accident. "Spec's I just growed," remarked Topsy, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," when asked to account for her existence. And so it is with many people concerning the growth of our most successful banks.

Mr. Schaaf is one of those bankers who believe that real honor and real esteem are not difficult to be obtained in this country, but that they are best won by actual merit, rather than by art and intrigue which run a long and ruinous race and seldom seize upon the prize at last. Principles, he says, are paramount to practice, inasmuch as they abide always, while the practice of them may be only occasionally manifested. In other words, principles reveal the predominance of stability over change, and truth over error.

One of the dominating factors in Mr. Schaaf's bank is service. This attribute has been developed to the highest stage and nowhere can be found a more competent force of employees to maintain a high standard of excellence in this particular.

Moreover, the bank knows no distinction between persons. The employee of the steel mill, who timidly carries a portion of his salary to the bank to be credited to his savings account, is given the same cordial and courteous reception as the big merchant whose deposit slips total several thousand dollars. The ambitious workman who has day dreams of a little home of his own can take his wife into the First National Bank and get the advice of the officials regarding the prospective investment. In other words, cheerful assistance and conscientious service may be found in every department of the bank. Mr. Schaaf is a marvel of energy as well as a live wire of enthusiasm when real banking service is needed, and he never does things by halves.

From the president to the bank messenger the force is all one. Each is a part of a big institution, having a common interest at heart, a spirit of progress constantly in mind, and a superior knowledge of banking at the helm.

Integrity is one word that controls the destiny of bankers. Without this attribute confidence can never be established. Once a species of plant has lost its perfume there is no known way of restoring it. Similarly, when a banker has lost the confidence of the people, it is lost forever. Men like F. R. Schaaf fully realize the importance of winning confidence, and this is the goal they always keep in view.

In May, 1921, Mr. Schaaf organized the Bankers Trust Company in order to handle real estate securities and carry on a general trust business, also insurance, both fire and casualty. This institution has a capital of \$300,000 and its total resources today are over \$600,000.

The directors of the Trust Company are all presidents, cashiers, or directors of banks in the Calumet District. It does not accept deposits subject to check, and employs no salesmen, but does a business in bond sales exceeding a million and a half dollars a year in Lake County, Indiana. It is not only the largest institution of its kind in the Calumet region, but also the most successful.

Its applications for loans are all inspected and passed upon by a committee composed of its banker-directors—men who are familiar with the value of the property which is offered as security. The result is that purchasers of the securities run practically no risk. No investors have ever lost a dollar.

No officer receives any salary, with the exception of Miss Emma E. Claus, Assistant Secretary and Treasurer, who has been with the company since it was organized. F. R. Schaaf is president; Walter E. Schrage, president Bank of Whiting; E. C. Simpson, cashier, First National Bank of Gary; Anton H. Tapper, president State Bank of Hammond; Hazel K. Groves, president American State Bank, East Chicago; W. E. Schmidt, president Roseland State Bank; Emil G. Seip, president Calumet National Bank; James P. Goodrich, president National City Bank, Indianapolis, and George R. Hemenway, director City National Bank, Boonville, are the directors of the Bankers Trust Company.

The Trust Company's business has grown from a few customers in 1921 to over a thousand today. Men who bought in small amounts two years ago are now investing to the limit of their ability at the present time.

When Mr. Schaaf was elected president of the First National Bank of Gary in 1917, the bank had a capital of \$200,000, and \$58,000 undivided profits. The deposits at that time were \$2,623,208.07.

ROSE O' THE WORLD IS SHE

There is a land—a far, fair land—
Beyond the wind-swept Sea,
Where blooms the Rose—the red, red Rose—
And that land calls to me!
For in that land—that far, fair land
That lies beyond the Sea,
A Dream Maid fair—with brown, brown hair,
Watches and waits for me.

Watches and waits in that far, fair land,
Beyond the slumbering Sea,
And picks me a Rose—a red, red Rose—
Ah! sweet as the Rose is she;
And in her eyes—in her shy, shy eyes,
As she dreams beside the Sea,
I would read of her love—of her shy, sweet love—
Of her pure love for me.

I would walk with her in that far, fair land—
In that Dream Land by the Sea,
Where the birds in the trees, and the winds
and the bees
All whisper her love for me;
I would build in that land—in that far, fair land—
In that land by the moon-drenched Sea—
Tall castled walls—with dim-lit halls,
Where she might dwell with me;

And never a King in all of the lands
That lie by the Summer Sea
Ever dreamed of a joy that could half compare
With the joy that would come to me
When in that land—in that far, fair land—
In that Dream Land by the Sea—
My Dream Maid fair—with her brown,
brown hair—
Whispers her love for me!

Today the capital is \$250,000—a stock dividend of \$50,000 having been declared last July—surplus \$100,000, and undivided profits, \$115,000. The total deposits of the bank at this time are approximately \$5,000,000, and total resources \$5,500,000.

The First National is 75 per cent liquid. Its government bonds, bank acceptances, demand commercial paper, cash and other quick assets are sufficient to meet any demand that might be unexpectedly made. Its quick assets added to the fact that it is a member of the Federal Reserve Bank, established to protect its affiliated members, places the First National at the very highest point of solidity as a banking institution. In fact, it would be difficult to find a bank in a better condition.

Mr. Schaaf says this is exactly as he wants it. He believes in preparedness; a contented mind is far more healthy, he says, than one clouded with anxiety.

Notwithstanding this conservative policy, this Gary bank is a very profitable institution. It is paying 14 per cent to its stockholders, and its shares are quoted higher than 95 per cent of all the banks in the Chicago district. Offers have recently been made at 325, but there is no stock for sale.

Mr. Schaaf was elected president of the bank when it had 5,700 accounts. Today its total accounts aggregate 14,633, of which 2,750 are checking, and 11,883 are savings. This may be regarded as a remarkable development, since it shows that on the average, one out of every five persons in the city is a customer of the First National.

During the past year the gains in savings deposits of this bank have averaged \$100,000 per month, and this without any special campaign for new customers, aside from the ordinary method of getting new business.

Today the First National Bank of Gary is the biggest bank in Lake County, which includes Gary, Hammond, Whiting, East Chicago and other smaller cities. Within the past five years it has forged ahead from sixth place to first position, and its accomplishment is the subject of much favorable comment among bankers.

Its assets do not include a dollar of Steel Corporation deposits. They are composed of the accounts of merchants, professional men, workmen and others. It is a highly dependable business, because its resources are not subject to sudden heavy withdrawals.

The directors of the First National are: F. R. Schaaf, president; E. C. Simpson, cashier; E. G. Seip, president of Calumet National Bank; Leo Wolf, prominent merchant of Hammond; R. M. Davis, Attorney; Henry Watson, real estate, and M. M. Winter, retired business man.

President Schaaf has recently returned from an extended trip through Europe, and his views regarding financial and industrial conditions in those countries have been published in some of the leading papers in the United States. Retention of President Coolidge in the White House, election of a real Republican Congress, early passage of the tax reduction law and acceptance by Europe of the Dawes commission plan for settlement of the vexing reparations question, together with loans by private bankers to be made to Germany, will, in his judgment, wipe out the economic ills of the world, and give the necessary confidence that will lead to a largely expanded prosperity in the United States.

TICKLING *the* NATION

*Humor—best ORIGINATED during "bright college years,"
but best APPRECIATED in the years that follow*



THAT D— LAMB AGAIN

*Mary had a little lamb,
One day she found it dead.
Now it goes to school with her
Between two hunks of bread.*

—Lehigh Burr.

SCENE: BARBER-SHOP, NEW ORLEANS

Enter, a notorious bandit, gun in hand.
"Ah wants a shave and de man what cuts
ma' jes' natur'ly ceases to exist."
(Exit all but one colored barber.)
"Step right hyar, sah!"
"Sah, bo' is yo' all not scar'd dat razor'll
slip?"
"No, sah, Boss; yo' de man what's to be
scar'd if dis h'yar razor slip."

—Voo Doo.

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A MAN
WHO OBTAINED SATISFACTION OUT OF A
POST-OFFICE PEN.

HE HURLED IT OUT OF THE WINDOW.
—Jack-o-lantern.

LUCILLE

She doesn't smoke, she doesn't pet;
She isn't a soak or a suffragette.
She never went skirts to her knees,
She doesn't vamp, excite or tease.
She never wore a Russian boot,
Nor went in swimming with a one-piece suit.
She never went on a wild, wild date
Nor ever came in very late.
She never did anything very wrong—
'Cause she's a pin-cushion and sits on my
girl's dresser.

—Pitt Panther.

I think, as I've thought all along,
That kissing is terribly wrong.
If you should insist,
Of course I'd resist,
But my—
You look terribly strong!

—Lehigh Burr.

Mary—Come, come, Ann—try to talk a
little common sense!

Ann—But, Mary, I wouldn't take such an
unfair advantage of you.

—The Brown Jug.

Industrial Science Cookie Pusher (to
dittoes of Engineering and Veterinary divi-
sions)—I'm going to wear my Prince Albert
to the military ball tonight. How are you
coming?

Engineering C. P.—Oh, I think I'll wear
my Tuxedo. How about you, vet.?

Vet. C. P.—Well, by the looks of things,
I'm due to wear a Bull Durham.

—The Green Gander.

*Hard-hearted—I am through with all this.
Tomorrow we separate.*

*Wife—Oh, Reggie, give me one more chance,
and I'll promise never to put poison in your
coffee again*

—Juggler.

THE ROLL OF HUMOR

The largest number of contributions
for July were selected from

Lehigh Burr

Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

REST IN PEACE

Here lies the body of Percival Sapp,
He drove a car with a girl in his lap.
Lies slumbering here, one William Bake,
He heard the bell, but had no brake.
Beneath this stone lies William Raines,
Ice on the hill, he had no chains.
Her lies the body of William Jay,
He died maintaining the right of way.
John Smith lies here without his shoes,
He drove his car while full of booze.
Here's Mary Jane—but not alive—
She made her Ford do THIRTY-FIVE.

—Lehigh Burr.

Enthusiastic American (viewing Niagara
Falls)—Look at that tremendous volume of
water hurling off the edge into space!

Stolid Swede (nearby)—Vell, vots to
hinder it?

—Jack-o-lantern.

*He (singing softly)—When the sun has gone
to rest that's the time I love the best—*

*She—Why do you specify? Time is no
factor with you!*

—Lord Jeff.

I took May to a dance last night,
And after the dance we went for a bite;
May's order was Reed Birds with some green
peas.

Mine. "A glass of water and a toothpick,
please.

Some time passed, and not realizing the jest,
The orchestra played a piece by request;
The following is the song they did play,
"I wish I were as happy as a bird in May."

—Lehigh Burr.

He (trying to get his bearings)—How do
we get to your home from here?

She (very nonchalantly)—Oh, any taxi
driver knows the way.

He (grimly)—That's all right, I'll ask the
conductor.

—Pitt Panther.

Girl—Is it true that you made a bet at
the club that if you proposed to me I would
accept you?

Boy—Well, I've proposed, will you?

Girl—How much did you bet?

—Jack-o-lantern.

Journalism—Awful hurry this noon; had
to eat a sandwich on the "L."

Liberal Arts (in horror)—You wouldn't
eat on the "L."

Journalism—Why not? It makes plenty
of noise.

—Purple Parrot.

Chairman of Prom Committee—If you in-
sist, sir, we'll make the women wear high-
necked gowns with long sleeves.

Dean—Nothing would please me more,
my boy.

(And it was the best Prom ever.)

—The Brown Jug.

Frischkorn—You have actually sent me a
bill with my clothes. What an insult. How
dare you!

Tailor—The bookkeeper's fault, Mister.
He got you mixed up with those who pay.

—Exponent.

"WHERE DID THEY PADDLE YOU, OS-
WALD?"

"ON THE BACK OF THE STOMACH,
MAMMA."

—Lehigh Burr.

She—Meet me tomorrow night in the refer-
ence room at seven o'clock.

He—All right. What time will you be
there?

—The Green Gander.

SHE—HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE
PART IN ANOTHER WAR?

HE—THIS IS SO SUDDEN.

—Juggler.

A dog sat on a trolley track,
The mutt looked awful blue;
A truck came down the street—
Honk! Honk! Puppy stew.

—Lehigh Burr.

She—What do you think of the "Stockyard
Blues?"

He—Well, the melody's punk, but the air is
bully.

—Whirlwind.

TRUTHFUL GIRL

"I'm a florist," said Myrtle
With delicate grace.
She said it with flour
All over her face.

—Columns.

"My girl's father proposed to me last night."
 "Why, how could he do that?"
 "He proposed I take my hat and go home."
 —Purple Parrot.

It is told of Mr. Finnigan that when he died he greeted Saint Peter in this wise:
 "It's a fine job you have here for a long time."

"Well, Finnigan," said St. Peter, "here we count a million years as a minute and a million dollars as a cent."

"Ah," said Finnigan, "I'm needing cash. How's to lend me a cent?"

"Sure," said St. Peter, "just wait a minute."
 —Colorado Dodo.

Alice—I asked Peter for a diamond, to get even with him for accepting my proposal.

Alice—What did he say?

Alice—You'll have to speak louder, old dear; I'm almost stone deaf.
 —Juggler.

VERGIL ON ADVERTISING
 Pepsodent mazda nabisco
 Kodak clupeco ipana
 Socony victrola pyralin
 Kilowatt kumapart sunkist.

Japalac amho lux stacomb
 Sozodont musterole sterno
 Linoleum djer kiss x-bazin
 Aspirin resinol jello.

Valspar mujol cuticura
 Bon ami umco wheatena
 Alemite yuban fatima
 Rotarex welsbach rit karo.

Kolynos herpcide westclox
 Duz halitosis zip klaxon
 Cadillac mah jongg mum delco
 Nujol exide mentholatum.

—Amherst Lord Jeff.

ONE CONSOLATION
 The lady smoked a cigarette.
 Away our tears we wiped.
 And said, "It might be wusser yet,
 She might have smoked a pipe!"
 —Lehigh Burr.

CLOTHES LINE, PLEASE!

Two girls were talking over the wire. Both were discussing what they would wear to a certain winter formal. In the midst of this important conversation, a masculine voice interrupted, asking humbly for a number. One of the girls became indignant and scornfully asked:

"What line to you think you're on, any way?"

"Well," said the man, "judging from what I've heard, I should say I was on the clothes line."
 —Colorado Dodo.

Rastus—Say, Jumbo, what's de fastest you ever went in an ottymobile?

Jumbo—Rastus, I'se been so fast dat de telephone poles just laid down.

Rastus—Gwan, nigger, you ain't seen nothing. Once I went so fast that when I passed a cornfield, a tomato patch, and a lake, it all looked like vegetable soup.
 —Lehigh Burr.

Dear little summer friend of mine,
 With rosy cheeks and eyes divine,
 I love you with your straight bobbed hair
 Your bathing suit, your jaunty air.
 Why is it when I have a date
 With you in town I have to wait
 Till you with powder, clothes, and paint
 Have made yourself look "as you ain't?"
 Why all this cheap'ning show of pelf
 When I love best your nat'ral self?

—Amherst Lord Jeff.

GLOOM MATRIMONIAL

When I tell Pauline that I would be glad
 To enter the marriage ties,
 She mutely looks at the collar ad,
 Then looks at my map—and sighs.

My memory is, I hope, quite fair,
 But when I would plight our troth,
 She laughs and asks if I can compare
 With a bird named David Roth.

I say that I hope some day I can
 Write after my name, "Success";
 But she knows I lie—I'm a college man,
 Not a grad of I. C. S.

Perhaps some day her ideal she'll see
 And announce the wedding glad;
 But I know full well that it won't be me—
 I'm a man and not an ad.
 —Purple Parrot.

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?
 I met a girl named Nancy Lee.
 And everything went well
 Until the night, through slip of tongue,
 I chanced to call her Nell.

A little girl named Mary Ann
 Next came into my fancy;
 She tied the can to me the night
 I chanced to call her Nancy.

All this went on for several months.
 It cost both time and money;
 But now my system can't be beat—
 I've learned to call them "Honey."
 —Lehigh Burr.

Banderbilt—James, tell my wife that
 I'm at the club.

Butler—Yes, sir, and where will you be in case some friend wants to know?
 —Jack-o-lantern.

Hostess—Must you be going, Mr. Dugan?
 Absent-minded radio announcer—Er, yes,
 good night. WZOK, signing off at 11.15
 P. M.
 —The Brown Jug.

Actor (contemplating a vacation)—Say,
 where are the Alps?

Director—They were right here this morning, but you can't find anything when these property men get going.
 —Juggler.

PUG—A GIRL GENERALLY GETS THE MAN
 SHE GOES AFTER.

Nose—BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN TWO
 GIRLS GO AFTER THE SAME MAN?

PUG—OH, THEN HE'S ARRESTED FOR BIG-
 AMY.
 —Voo Doo.

In the sweet silence of the twilight they
 honey-mooned upon the beach.

"Dearest," she murmured tremblingly,
 "now that we are married, I—I have a secret
 to tell you!"

"What is it, sweetheart?" he softly asked.

"Can you ever forgive me for deceiving
 you?" she sobbed. "My left eye is made
 of glass!"

"Never mind, love bird," he whispered
 back, "so is the diamond in your engage-
 ment ring."
 —Lehigh Burr.

"What becomes of the Fords?" is the ques-
 tion that, in this age, replaces the one, "What
 becomes of the pins?"
 —The Houghton Line.

"And how, my dear Sherlock, did you
 discover that the culprit resided in an
 apartment?"

"Easily," explained the great man, yawn-
 ing. "Upon examining the footprints, I
 saw that he was flat-footed."
 —Juggler.

BOARDING HOUSE VERSE
 Little hunks of leavin's,
 Little bits of trash;
 They boil 'em all together
 And call the mixture—hash.
 —The Green Gander.

"Now, Miranda, what get-up shall we
 put on this here scare-crow?"

"Ye might try some of the duds our
 Heckabod brought back from college."

"Come, Miranda—we want to scare the
 crows—not make them laugh."
 —The Brown Jug.

Prof.—Why was the first woman named
 Eve?

Stude—Probably because her arrival
 brought an end to Adam's perfect day.
 —Pitt Panther.

"I ALWAYS READ EVERYTHING OVER THE
 NIGHT BEFORE A QUIZ."

"DO YOU FIND THE REVIEW HELPFUL?"
 "WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT A REVIEW?"
 —Purple Parrot.

First Black—Say, bo, what branch of the
 army was you in?

Second Black—Me? I was in the seas-
 oned troops.

First Black—What you all means, seas-
 oned troops?

Second Black—We was mustard in and
 peppered by the enemy.
 —Lehigh Burr.

Dear Teacher:

Kindly excuse Jim's absence from school
 yesterday afternoon as he fell in the mud.
 By doing the same you will greatly oblige,
 His Mother.
 —The Green Gander.

Co—What is the matter with Ches and
 Mabel? I thought they were engaged.

Ed—Yes, they fell in love at first sight—
 and then Ches returned, unexpectedly, and
 took a second look.
 —Pitt Panther.

America's Pre-eminent Magazine Editor

Continued from page 30

script he sees beyond the lines the weak spots. As he said:

"The thing to look for is the weak spots; the strong paragraphs will take care of themselves."

When an article passes through the hands of S. S. McClure there is a feeling that it has been truly edited by a real editor. The history of American literature can never be written without reference to the publisher whose career is so closely identified with the literary product of his time.

"As a foreign-born citizen, I want to do my part in the realization of a very noble American ideal, which I believed in as a boy, and expect to realize to some extent as a man."

There is an earnest, honest sincerity in Samuel S. McClure that will live in his work.

A Great Memorial to Love

Continued from page 19

Thus he first made Port Sunlight. He studied and studied, men, material and machines. He envisioned the model town and built it. He found what was right and what was wrong—and discovered, as he had hoped, that environment of workers makes them or mars them.

No spot on earth is more beautiful than Port Sunlight. With its quaint old English style houses with red tiled roofs and latticed windows, its gardens and tree-lined streets, it is one of earth's marvels as an industrial centre.

And there is none of the landlord delight, for they cost the occupants a fraction of a day's pay for an entire month's tenancy!

Solving the housing problem, he next undertook the solution of payment of the worker. Call it communism, socialism, or any other designation, the fact abides that he has solved this wage question. He was the first of earth's employers, years ago, to set up real industrial co-partnership and profit sharing. Leverhulme's workers are associates; they own the large proportion of the preferred stock, and their dividends are substantial increment to their daily efforts rewarded with the customary pay envelope. They are more than employees; actually, all disposed are partners in the true sense, legal and human.

Lord Leverhulme has one bottle of acid from which he extracts a few drops to try any project. He says with finality: "The only question of success is this: Will you pay the price of self-sacrifice?"

He has abundantly proved that ancient motto: "*Noblesse oblige.*"

This system of co-partnership was set up twenty-two years ago, and today marks his industries wherever found. A real human dynamo himself, who rarely works less than sixteen hours every day, intense, high-powered and swift-moving, direct—he ever is master of himself. He has an utter mastery of any problem before undertaking it, so he does not feel his way cautiously. Boldly, ruthlessly, yet gently and kindly does he grasp situations, guided by basic principles, he reminds one of an exquisite human machine.

He is polished and erudite—through study, self-cultivation and that determination to do things right. Few men of earth are better read, to use a colloquialism. And in art, too, does he stand as one of earth's authorities.

When, a few months ago, in exalted memorial



The Switchboard Comes to Life

Zero hour approaches. Wire chief and assistants are set for the "cut-over" that will bring a new central office into being.

In the room above operators sit at the new switchboard. Two years this equipment has been building. It embodies the developments of hundreds of engineers and incorporates the scientific research of several decades. Now it is ready, tested in its parts but unused as an implement of service.

In the terminal room men stand in line before frames of myriad wires, the connections broken by tiny insulators. Midnight comes. A handkerchief is waved. The insulators are ripped from the frames. In a second the new switchboard becomes a thing alive. Without their knowledge thousands of subscrib-

ers are transferred from the old switchboard to the new. Even a chance conversation begun through the old board is continued without interruption through the new. The new exchange provides for further growth.

This cut-over of a switchboard is but one example, one of many engineering achievements that have made possible a wider and prompter use of the telephone.

To-day, in maintaining a national telephone service, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, through its engineering and research departments, continuously makes available for its Associated Companies improvements in apparatus and in methods of operation.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

to his beloved comrade, he gave Britain a colossal Art Museum, equipped and supplied, art experts gasped in amazement at the treasure house in which were stored British art tokens from history's dawn. The selection, the arrangement, the ensemble all showed the touch of the master of the artistic. Yet the entire noble structure and all its accoutrements were his work, and his alone.

Who will carry on when he lays aside the burden—if he ever does?

His son, his only child and heir to the vast industrial empire is William Hulme Lever, and in him is blended the fine character of father and mother. A quiet man, soft spoken and silent almost to the point of taciturnity, he typifies his wonderful mother, a gentlewoman of high mind, an inspired and clear thinker, with a heart of gold. But under this quiet exterior heritage

from a worthy mother there beats the heart of the father in its human qualities, and the indomitable courage, will, high purpose and clarity of thought given by his father. If William Hulme Lever appears less forceful and dominant than his father, there is illusion. He is an actual heir apparent, trained and cultivated and developed since boyhood, to take on the mantle when that worthy father shall step aside, that his beloved son may carry on.

But like all really great generals, Lord Leverhulme has trained and developed many able lieutenants, capable men of high character, moulded by him from their young manhood, and fitted for their enormous tasks.

Verily, Lord Leverhulme is an outstanding figure of time, and as he led before the war, during the war, today as the spirit of earth's renaissance, he is leading commerce and industry, yes,

life itself, to a higher plane because of his ideals brought into being through intelligent determination that earth shall ever become a better abode for man, through the universal application of those two texts, the Iron Rule and the Golden Rule.

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Progressive executives will promptly appreciate the desirability of placing it in the hands of the members of their organizations. Parents will intuitively know its value to their boys and girls, and these, when you think of it, are just about the best tests of the value of any book.

A further mention of the book appears on page 41. We feel a particular interest—even responsibility—in getting it into the hands of our readers. You will understand why after the merest glance at its dynamic pages. Our friendly advice is—*possess yourself of this helpful and inspiring book at once.*

At the Republican National Convention

Continued from page 11

the 33 stuck together on the Convention floor and were having a little "good-bye" party to prove that old New Jersey will be on the job at future conventions and show how to nominate Presidents as well as Vice-Presidents. "There are no mosquitoes on us" chimed in one of the stalwart 33 with a board-walk grin, fully attired in the latest bathing suit.

In the corridor Secretary Davis was greeted by William Jennings Bryan with the salutation, "Jim, you furnished the real heart of the platform with the eight-hour, welfare and better treatment of the alien plank, suggesting that wives, sisters, children and mothers of aliens, already resident in this country, be given an opportunity to unite the family circle."

Bryan facetiously continued, "I am going to furnish some lung power before committee and convention in New York to see that some heart planks are provided."

There was one familiar figure at the Convention that interested the people of Massachusetts. It was Louis A. Coolidge. He was the one who proposed, with logical vigor, the name of Charles G. Dawes for Vice-President as far back as April. He was not present at all the sessions of the Convention, but he seemed to have an understanding look in his eye during the Vice-Presidential struggle that there were votes in the offing that would eventually swing the majority or the intrepid "Hell and Maria" Vice-Presidential candidate named on the Republican ticket.

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CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited
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Former Senator William Alden Smith of Michigan was only a care-free spectator. At one time he was in the international spotlight in connection with the investigation of the sinking of the *Tuscania* and a regular attendant with the Michigan delegation.

"The thrill of the Convention to me was the singing of Joe Chapple's old Heart Songs by the convention audience. Sometimes I wonder why there is not more singing and less 'seconding' at conventions." The erstwhile Senator left the hall whistling "I Want to go Back to Michigan."

Carmi Thompson was one of the last to go through the trap door through which the platform was reached as the organ was playing the old campaign tune, "Old Dan Tucker." The band followed with a jazz song which the newspaper cynics said was entitled "Waiting for the Refusal." Lowden was wired and his answer

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On the last ballot for Vice-President, William M. Butler's face was a study. The eleventh-hour Hoover suggestion melted away before the enthusiastic Lowden delegates, who swung to Dawes. "Hell and Maria" was poppin' sure. He put on two pairs of glasses to view the recalitrants, who were raising the devil on the floor, giving some evidence of a wide-awake interest in the proceedings.

The most interesting phase of the Cleveland Convention was when it was over; the aftermath was one of mixed emotions. When I met Senator Lodge in the lobby of Hotel Cleveland bright and early the morning after, he was a picture of serenity. His sombrero straw hat was tilted to the starboard and he twirled his beard in a playful fashion. There was a twinkle in his eye and he appeared entirely free from care and responsibility. He wore a dotted shirt, but that had no significance to the attempt of his enemies to "roll him in the mud."

"We have a great candidate and we'll win, because we have both the men and the platform. Coolidge is the greatest asset that any political party has had in years as a candidate. Some directing minds forget that there is a West as well as an East. Bucking bronchos are characteristic of Wild West life, and in conventions it is just as well to understand the habits and methods of thinking that vary somewhat in different sections." The veteran of forty years of public life wore his overcoat on this sunny day, and a spring-day twinkle in his eye. He was accustomed to chilly Easterners. James W. Good, assistant chairman of the Directing General, planned to leave Chicago to work for the campaign. He seemed to be very enthusiastic over the Dawes nomination and remarked: "Dawes will put the vim and spirit and 'Hell and Maria' and 'know-how.' A man who could master the budget problem and has solved the European problems is not a political puppet or door-mat to catch the floating flies as political ointment."

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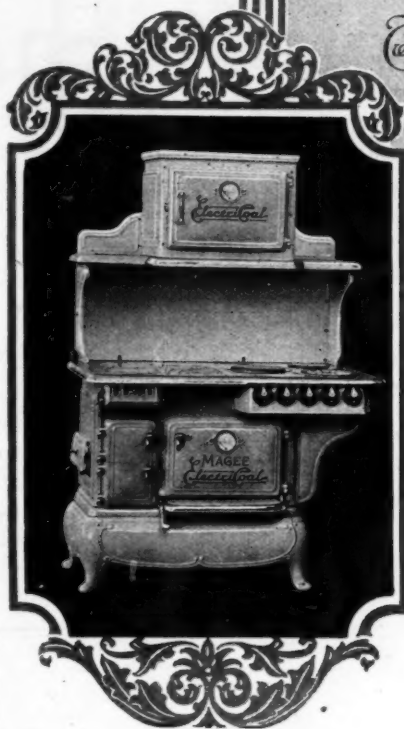
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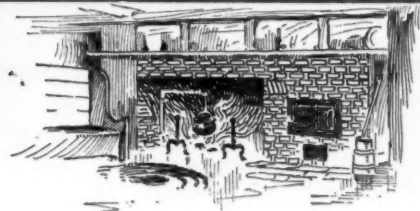
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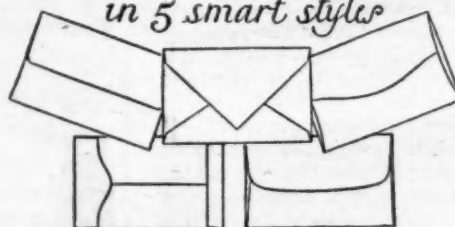
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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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and Syria

All beckon to you with their own peculiar lure. Wherever it may be, in the following pages you will find valuable information and suggestions regarding how to go and where to stay

Sweden—Land of the Old and New

"Atop of Europe"—The Cradle of Nordic Culture—A Picturesque, Beautiful, Historic Country

By VICTOR OSCAR FREEBURG

AMERICAN tourists who spend their summers in Europe are no longer content with the pre-war pattern of itinerary, which consisted principally of such things as a study of the intriguing night life of Paris, a steamer trip down the romantic Rhine, and a solemn look at Westminster Abbey. They no longer limit themselves to a so-called Grand Tour of places previously visited by their parents or teachers, but are beginning to make excursions away from the trodden paths, seeking other sights that have too long been ignored. Thus many of the smaller countries are looming ever larger on the new horizon of American travelers, and not least among them is Sweden. Last year, for example, ten thousand Americans visited this Land of the Midnight Sun, which is a tremendous gain in numbers over previous years, and it is certain that within the near future that record will itself be remembered as only a milestone in the history of the new crusades to the shrines of Nordic culture.

But what is there to see in Sweden? Nearly everything that tourists like—entrancing natural beauty, historical ruins, masterpieces of mediæval architecture, relics of the Viking and pre-Viking periods, rich collections of art, natives with picturesque customs and costumes, ample opportunities for sports and entertainments, and an industrial and cultural life of today that is uniquely deserving of study.

Perhaps the first thing that a man thinks of when he is planning a summer trip is to get away from the job that has, temporarily at least, grown irksome, to make an escape from the place where he is growing tired physically while his nerves are jangled out of tune. Let him spend a few weeks in Sweden this summer. It is an ideal land for rest and recreation. In the first place the air is cool and tonic with the fragrance of spruce and pine woods. At Stockholm the average temperature during July is 54 degrees Fahrenheit. And, while the air is fresh, the water is warm enough to make swimming comfortable. On the west coast, at Marstrand, Molle, and other places, the sea is tempered by the Gulf Stream, so that sea bathing is popular throughout the summer. The ideal summer climate for vacationists is that which gives the

most sunshine with the least heat, and this you will find in Sweden. In southern Sweden during the summer the sun shines until nine or ten o'clock at night and rises at three or four o'clock in the morning, varying with the progress of the season, of course; and at the northern tourist resorts the sun may be seen even at midnight during a period of about seven weeks. Fogs in Sweden are rare and rains are never prolonged.

In addition to this remarkable combination of bright sunshine and cool, refreshing air in Sweden, comes the stimulating beauty of natural scenery, soothing to the soul and pleasing to the eye. Nowhere else in the world can you find within so small a compass such a rich variety. Foam-swept islands guarding the winding shores, blue



WHERE, in all the world, could you find a more thoroughly satisfying picture of health and happiness than this pretty Swedish dairymaid?



VIEW of Stockholm, the magnificently beautiful capital city of Sweden, situated on the Göta Canal, one of the most beautiful waterways in Europe, which winds through 240 miles of canals, rivers and lakes, passing quaint old cities and mediaeval castles and ruins. Stockholm possesses not only exceptional charm and beauty, but is immensely interesting on account of its wealth of historical relics and art treasures, as well as its gay social life. Here are situated the Royal Palace and the National Museum

lakes hemmed in by the radiant white and green of birch groves, smiling valleys with the quivering color play of flower gardens and ripening grain, singing waterfalls by the thousands, especially in the Northland, mile after mile of dark forests of spruce and pine, and, in the iron mining region, the serene majesty of snow-capped mountains—yes, they are all there, and the ten thousand Americans who visited Sweden last year will tell you that this enthusiastic catalogue is true.

But perhaps the tired business man, his society-bored wife, and jazz-weary children long for something besides mere physical recuperation. They may edify themselves by looking back on ages that were less hectic than ours. In a museum in Gothenburg lies the skeleton of a Swede who lived a matter of five thousand years ago. That was in the simple Stone Age, when income taxes were collected with stone axes. The fascinating story of human progress since that day until now can be traced in Sweden. Ancient inscriptions on the cliffs, tombs and monuments left intact, curious relics of antiquity now collected in the museums, the mounds of the pagan gods at Upsala, the Viking runestones with their curious legends in serpentine interlacing—these are some of the unique records of life in Sweden before the Middle Ages, and to contemplate them for even a few minutes will make many of our worries of 1924 look very trivial indeed.

Travelers who like to recall the knightly exploits and high adventure of the Middle Ages will spend many a happy day in Sweden. They will go to the Island of Gotland, for example, only a few hours' sail out of Stockholm, and find romantic Visby, a whole city that seems to have been preserved in the museum of Father Time for upwards of a thousand years. There stands the old city wall, with its thirty-seven towers, exactly as it stood when Visby was the Baltic stronghold of the Hanseatic League. There, smothered in ivy, are the houses of merchants

who were fabulously rich. However these men had made their money, they had a passion for building cathedrals. Fifteen cathedrals and churches of magnificent Gothic architecture were erected in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and the remarkably well-preserved ruins of eleven of these may be seen today. The story of Visby is worth a volume by itself, and no tourist who travels northward should miss this quaint memorial of the Middle Ages.

Those of us who dwell in steel-and-brick beehives or commute from mail-order houses sometimes go in search of castles not of air. We can find the real thing in Sweden, and may let our imaginations play as we stroll through the halls or descend the stately staircases of the Kalmar Royal Castle, or the Castles of Vadstena or Gripsholm. We may not be allowed to stroll through the Royal Castle in Stockholm, but we can be excused if we stand and gaze at it with eyes and mouth wide open, for it is one of the most impressive royal residences in all Europe. Those who enjoy architecture as an art will find much to attract them in Sweden. The sturdy bulk of old fortresses may be contrasted with the delicate splendor of Renaissance palaces, while the

imposing dwelling-houses of wealthy families are set off by the cozy little red cottages of the farmers. Nearly every known style of ecclesiastical architecture is illustrated with variations characteristic of the country.

Sweden of today reveals a curious mingling of the old and the new. Some of the farmers, for example, still follow the methods of their great-grandfathers, while others milk their cows and dry their hay by electricity. Ox-carts will, doubtless, be seen here and there, and yet Sweden, with a population not much larger than that of Greater New York, has forty thousand automobiles. The professional ballet dancers of Stockholm are so sophisticated that Americans think them ahead-of-date, while the peasants of Dalecarlia indulge in folk-dances that are hundreds of years old. It is in Dalecarlia in the idyllic regions around Lake Siljan, that the tourists may still catch glimpses of the colorful civilization of centuries gone by. There the gorgeous national costumes are still the Sunday best. There the old handicrafts and arts survive. There the old ballads are sung, and the accordions make merry music for the dancers on the green. And there—what a novelty!—even the young folks seem proud to be old-fashioned.

Travel a few hundred miles still farther north to Abisko, above the Arctic Circle, and you will find an entirely different, though no less interesting, folk type, the race of Lapps, mysterious nomads of the North. They are the last primitives in Europe. They live in tents of the type that has not been improved for centuries, and follow their herds of reindeer back and forth, up on the mountain plateaus in the summer, down in the valleys in the winter. They are perfectly harmless, and the tourist can wander among them almost at will, bartering for curious reindeer skin shoes or horn objects which are the products of their handicraft.

Lapland is in a sense the wonderland of Sweden. It is there that the sun in summer may be seen due north at midnight and due south at noon. Then nature blooms with a supreme effort, as if to make up for the long winter night, six months later, when, for several weeks, the sun will not rise at all. In Lapland, too, are the marvelous iron mines. The one at Kiruna is easily accessible to the tourist, and there he will see how a whole mountain is carved away from the top, slice after slice, and virtually all the material obtained is hauled away in freight cars, because it contains 60 to 70 per cent pure iron.

But there is no end to interesting industrial work in Sweden. The magnificent hydro-electric stations at Porjus or at Trollhattan, the match factories at Jonkoping, the cutlery works at Eskilstuna, the Rorstrand pottery works, the ball bearing factory in Gothenburg, various mills

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where pulp and paper are manufactured, and scores of other factories where Swedish inventions are exploited—these places, picked at random, merely illustrate the great variety of Sweden's industrial production today.

Many Americans believe that the Swedes may be described as a race of singers, sailors, athletes, and inventors. And they are not far wrong, at that. Tourists will not have to go far for evidence in support of the description. We cannot guarantee that any great number of tourists will have the privilege of seeing Swedish inventors actually inventing things, but we are certain that they will be delighted by song and instrumental music wherever they go in Sweden. And quite as frequent as the concerts will be the exhibitions of athletic games and gymnastics, the latter especially interesting because the Swedes have originated a world-famous system of gymnastics.

Tourists who are fond of water sports, such as yachting, motor-boating, and canoeing will have ample opportunities to enjoy themselves on the bays or in the skerries, or on the lakes or inland waterways. Incidentally the Gota Canal trip, which has been famous for almost a century, is still one of the great tourist attractions of Sweden.

But our space is limited, and we must wind up our little story. Let us merely in a few words draw attention to Stockholm, "The Venice of the North." The traveler must arrange to spend many days in that beautiful city. He must see the museums of art and antiquity. He must see "Skansen," perhaps the greatest open-air museums of social history in the world. He must see the old markets, and the splendid Hall of Knights. He must stroll into the quiet aisles of old Riddarholm Church, the final resting place



SCENE IN VISBY—the city of ruins and roses—on the Island of Gotland, in the Baltic Sea. This view shows one of the thirty-seven towers of the ancient city wall, which is two miles long. Visby was one of the famous towns of the Hanseatic League

of Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII, and other famous Swedish heroes. And when the traveler has enough of sight-seeing he may enter into the amusements of one of the most highly cultured cities of Europe.

The above paragraphs are meant to give a few hints of what Sweden has to offer the tourist. And any reader who is not already informed on the subject, and whose interest has been aroused, will do well to follow up the clues. He should look up the literature on Sweden in the nearest library. He should turn to the nearest travel agency for up-to-date free literature of special value to tourists, and he should write a letter to the Travel Editor of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE asking for still further information.

Only one thing remains, and that is to go there. Sweden is only nine days from New York.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL HINTS

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BAGGAGE

YOU are strongly advised to limit your baggage to the absolute minimum for two reasons: First, the cost; and second, the convenience. The steamship companies are generous in their baggage allowance of about two hundred pounds per passenger, but the continental railroads are quite the reverse. In Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Norway, Germany, Austria, Hungary and Italy, no free allowance of baggage is made by the railroads. In France, sixty-six pounds only is permitted on one ticket. In England, one hundred pounds is allowed. In Italy, handbags or parcels carried free with passengers must not exceed forty-five pounds. Light racks are provided in the railway carriages for handbags and parcels, excepting on mountain railways in Switzerland, where all luggage has to be registered. Each passenger is allowed twenty-four inches of space in the racks, on the usual continental trains. All luggage that cannot



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be carried in your hands or those of your porters must be registered. All luggage must be marked plainly with the owner's name and place of destination. To save time and annoyance a small bundle of baggage tags will be found convenient to carry with you. In addition to the usual tags on your luggage, it is wise to have some distinctive marking, such as stripes in white and blue, a red circle or a star, etc. When securing your steamship ticket ask for labels for your baggage. Labels marked "Cabin" are for the articles taken to your stateroom. Those marked "Hold" are for the ones not needed during the voyage. Those marked "Hold—Wanted" are for luggage that is too large or unnecessary for use in the stateroom, but which will be required during the voyage. Write your name and number of stateroom on each and every label. Trunks are an untold trouble unless the summer

is to be spent in one country. There are many frontiers to cross, with the annoying Customs examinations and porter charges. Passengers holding through tickets from London can register their baggage to the principal cities of Europe with usually a free allowance of sixty pounds, except in Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. The owner should personally see to the examination of the luggage at all frontiers, otherwise it is shipped in bond at the owner's expense, causing great trouble and delay. Baggage may be registered *through* from London to Paris or *vice versa*, and examined at port of departure and final destination. If not registered *through* it will be examined at ports of departure and landing. The shipment of trunks by forwarding companies is slow and uncertain as to date of arrival, and the keys must be given up in order that the trunks may be opened at each frontier.

The experienced traveler will advise that one suitcase and a handbag only be taken, as this will prove ample for the wants of the average tourist. We recommend to our clients our specially-built suitcase 10 x 15 x 24. You will note that this exactly fits the dimensions of the space allowed each person in the railway racks. The suitcase is reinforced with heavy leather corners held by brass rivets. It is bound with two straps, and has specially strong hinge and lock construction. There is a deep tray and a pocket which will prove most convenient. It will hold twice as much as the average suitcase. We sell these only to our patrons for a cost price of \$10. If a steamer trunk is taken for the ocean voyage, it should not be over thirteen inches high in order that it may conveniently be placed under the berth. The overnight handbag should be taken for toilet articles, medicines, etc. Baggage should be kept locked at all times and under no conditions should jewelry or passport be carried in the luggage. When traveling there is always the possibility that baggage may be lost or stolen, perhaps more so in Europe than in the United States, inasmuch as the system of registration of baggage is different from ours and unfamiliar to Americans, and confusion arises from frequent customs examinations at all frontiers. We therefore advise that your baggage be properly insured before leaving New York. Bennett's Travel Bureau will assist you in securing such insurance if requested.

CLOTHING

THE problem of clothing is the most difficult one for the average American who makes his or her first trip to Europe. The first, last and best advice that any seasoned traveler will give concerning wearing apparel is, "cut it down to a minimum and then cut in half." Many travelers prefer to replenish their wardrobe in Europe rather than buy a new outfit before departure. We strongly advise, however, that a good supply of comfortable American shoes be taken or the pleasure of your sightseeing is doomed ere you leave Sandy Hook. Gentlemen who travel first cabin on the steamer will find it advisable to carry a tuxedo or dinner suit. A demi-toilette is the most that women are likely to make. People to whom an ocean voyage is almost their only contact with smart society are the only ones who exploit their clothes. On the one-cabin steamers or second cabin on the larger liners, such requirements are unnecessary and out of place. Neither is it essential to carry evening clothes in Europe if one is on a hurried business or sightseeing trip. Few restaurants or hotels, except the most fashionable ones, expect their guests to wear formal dress, particularly in summer.

European hotels and public buildings are poorly heated (or unheated) in winter, therefore the traveler who braves foreign shores at this season should carry his warmest clothing. In summer the usual weight of clothing that one would wear in America is in order, supplemented by a few warmer articles for use on the steamer and in Switzerland, where the nights are sometimes too cool for real comfort. A light weight but warm sweater to wear under a suit coat will be found useful—also a light overcoat or wrap that will shed the rain is desirable. Steamer rugs can be rented on the steamer, thereby making it unnecessary to take your own. A cap for gentlemen and a lady's hat of soft crushable material but with a brim to shade the eyes, will be found desirable when reclining in a steamer chair. Ladies will find crepe de chine lingerie especially practical, as it can be carried compactly, and

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laundrying is a simple process. Jewelry of value should not be taken, with the exception, perhaps, of one set to be worn constantly.

The majority of Americans who travel through Europe for six or eight weeks and who are not planning to spend their time at fashionable hotels or resorts, find one large (or possibly two) suitcases and a handbag ample for all their daily wants. We have prepared a list of articles which—with a few personal variations or additions—may be contained within the limits set forth above, and which will meet the needs of the average tourist during the summer.

LIST FOR MEN

1 dark medium weight suit
1 summer suit
1 light-weight sweater
shirts (easier to pack if crepe or silk)
collars
extra pair comfortable shoes
underclothes (5 or 6 sets)
1 topcoat (waterproof)
1 folding umbrella
felt hat
straw hat
cap
handkerchiefs
neckties
low rubbers
socks
Pullman slippers
silk bathrobe
pajamas (silk easier to pack)
dark glasses
necessary toilet articles
soap
fountain pen
pencil and extra lead
small sewing kit—extra buttons
small medicine kit
camera and films
clothes brush
nail and hand brush
small drinking cup
extra collar studs, cuff links,
lenses for glasses, shoe
strings, garters, gloves
visiting cards
Specially recommended after
shaving or to clean
face after hot, dusty
train journey: bottle of
60% witch hazel and 40
% alcohol

LIST FOR WOMEN

dark traveling dress of silk
1 extra traveling dress
1 dinner dress of material
which packs well
1 warm wrap or coat
1 lightweight raincoat or
cape
1 soft sweater
extra pair of comfortable
shoes
Lingerie of crepe de chine
or other soft silk
handkerchiefs
stockings
1 dark dressing-gown or
kimono of soft silk
traveling slippers
small hat with brim to
shade eyes
folding umbrella
sandal rubbers
crushable steamer hat
small camera and films
hot water bottle
small medicine kit
small sewing kit
hair nets
only necessary toilet arti-
cles
dark glasses
soap
NO valuable jewelry
diary or notebook
extra lenses for glasses
small drinking cup
Pocketbook with strap to
hang on arm and large
enough to carry post-
cards, travelers' checks,
fountain pen, etc.

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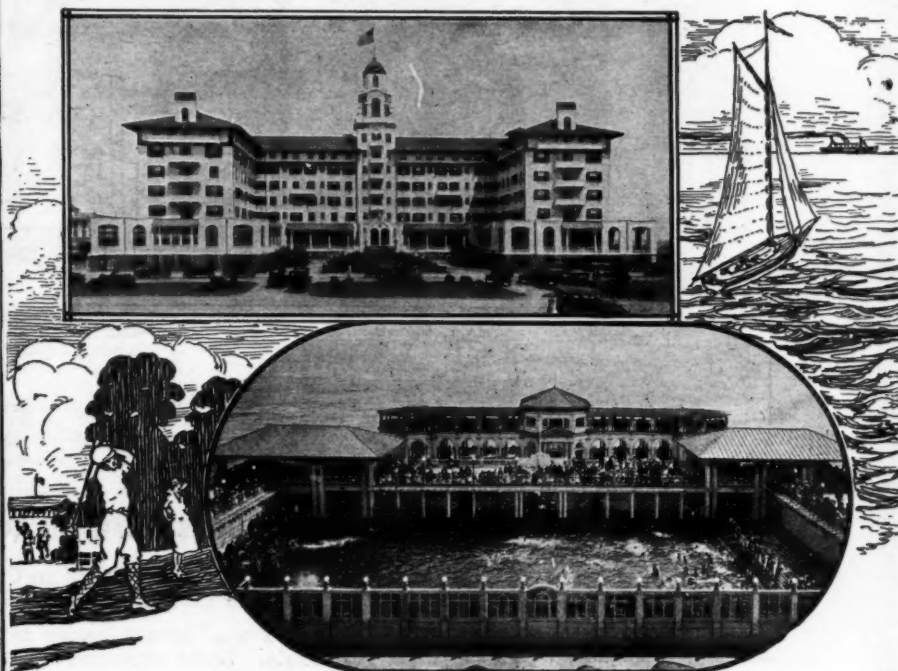
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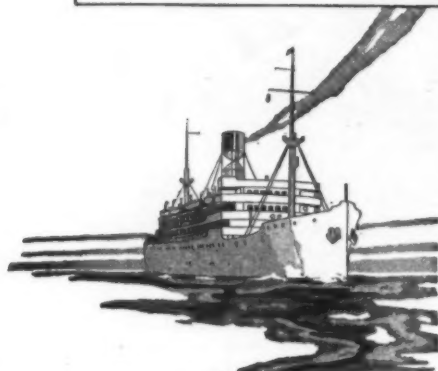
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By

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